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THE ADAMUS EXUL OF GROTIUS.

OR

THE PROTOTYPE OF PARADISE LOST.

NOW FIRST TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN BY FRANCIS BARHAM, ESQ.

Prolegomena to the Adamus Exul of Grotius.

THE great design of the Deity in creating by his eternal Word the spiritual orders of being, involving the work of the divine Redeemer in saving and restoring them when fallen into transgression, forms the leading theme of Scripture. In connection with this, the aboriginal glory of Man in Paradise ending in his expulsion from the Garden of Eden, as explained by the inspired writers, is a topic of universal interest. This first scene in the grand drama of human destinies—this sole key to the enigmas of mortal experience—this tremendous lapse of mind and nature which has thrown so deep a colouring over all subsequent histories, has necessarily excited the most intense and scrutinizing attention.

The brief yet forcible description of the sacred writers has been very differently expounded by theological investigators. Origen and some of the primitive evangelical fathers, agreeing with the Cabalistic and Gnostic dogmas, supposed this description to refer to a purely spiritual, angelic, and transcendental form of human existence, associated with the divine Word in an ethereal Paradise among the unfallen stars. Others, like Augustine, More, Brocklesby, and the symbolic Platonists, supposed it to allude to a fall of Angels, and the lapse of souls with their social stars, each retaining its proper paradise in lower and separate economies, while others, abiding by the literal account, have imagined that nothing superterrestrial, mystical, or figurative was at all intended. These several expositors have likewise entertained different notions with regard to the original sin; some, like Berrow, regarding it as the original and general lapse of souls, some, like Cudworth and Ramsay, esteeming it the lapse of our particular species into a state of materialism; and others more prudently conceiving it to be the offence of disobeying the divine command with regard to the forbidden fruit.

Among the expositors who have supposed that the Mosaic account should be construed literally, a great question has been mooted with respect to the geographical position of the terrestrial Paradise and the Garden of Eden. The true theory appears to have been nearly attained by Father Calmet the Benedictine, in his commentary on the text in which the river which gave birth to the Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel and Pherath

is mentioned. He imagines that these four rives are the Phasis, the Araxes, the Tigris, and the Euphrates ; and consequently, that Paradise or Eden was placed in Colchis, now Mingrelia, near the mountains of Turcomania, and that this was what gave rise to the fable of the golden fleece.

Happily this question is now nearly set at rest, Hales and Faber having well nigh demonstrated that the situation of the Garden, according to the Mosaic account, was in the mountainous region of Ararat in Armenia. And that consequently the first birth-place of mankind, and their first post-diluvian settlement, were closely approximated. This is an important discovery, as it confirms the fact that the great chains of mountains and rivers were not essentially dislocated by the flood.

A short statement of the critical situation of these rivers will give the reader the power of correcting the errors which yet remain undefeated. We cannot define the name of the river that watered the garden ; but it is not so difficult to specify its four main branches. The first is Phison (a term signifying a deep or overflowing river) : this stream, which is synonymous with Phasis, was the source of the Araxes, or Arras, which rises from Ararat, and separates Armenia from Media, and falls into the Caspian. Bridges have been built over it several times, but all the art of man could never make them strong enough to resist the violence of its stream. Wherefore Virgil gives it this epithet : " Pontem indignatus Araxes." Both gold and bdellium are found among the mountains that surround Havila Propria and Caspiana, through which it flows.

Now Calmet has confounded this stream—the original Phasis or river—with that other Phasis more generally known by this name, which rises in the northern range of Caucasus. For this Faber substitutes the Absarus of Pliny, or Batoum of modern geographers, which rises in Armenia and runs into the Euxine sea. But its course, as Hales justly observes, "appears too short to encompass the whole land of Havila, supposing, with him, Havila to denote Colchis, which was famed in ancient times for the abundance and excellence of its gold. "The Araxes, therefore," continues Hales (in confirmation of our theory), seems to have a better claim, which, rising in Armenia, runs by a more circuitous course into the Caspian sea, skirting the countries of Colchis and Georgia, which lie between the two seas, and might both have constituted the land of Havilah."

But a more serious error than this respecting the Phison, is pointed out by Ralegh. It arose among those expositors who forgot to distinguish between Shem's descendant and Joctan's son Havila, to whom the regions of Caspiana, Colchis, and Upper Media were allotted, extending towards his brother Ophir's Indian possessions, and that other Havila, the son of Cush. This has given rise to the gross blunders of Wells and his followers, now nearly exploded.

The name of the second river is Gihon (an impetuous river), the ancient Choasper or Korun, which surrounds Asiatic Cush, or Ethiopia, and Susiana. Its waters are so sweet, say the ancients, that the kings of Persia drank no other ; and in their expeditions they always carried some with them which had been previously boiled.

The numerous mistakes concerning this stream have arisen from

mistaking the position of Chus, or Asiatic Ethiopia, and from confounding it with African Æthiopia, more generally known by this name.

Sir Walter Raleigh has so well explained this matter, that his words are worth quoting. "After the flood," says he, "Cush and his children never rested till they found the valley of Shinah, in which, and near which, himself and his sons first inhabited. Havila took the river side of Tigris chiefly on the east, which, after his own name, he called Havila (now Susiana); Raamah and Sheba further down the river: at the entrance of Arabia Felix, Nimrod seated himself in the best of the valley, where he built Babel, whereof that region had afterwards the name of Babylonia. Chus himself and his brother Mizraim first kept upon Gehon, which falleth into the lakes of Chaldea, and, as their people increased, they drew themselves more westerly towards the Red, or Arabian Sea, from whence Mizraim past over into Egypt, in which part the Cushites remained for many years after."

The name of the third river is Hiddekel (a turbid river), or the Tigris, which goeth east of Assyria. And the fourth river is the Euphrates, so called from its eruptive violence.

It is very important to observe how closely the Mosaic account of the original glory and disastrous fall of several orders of lapsed intelligences, and in particular the sacred histories respecting the golden age of man in Paradise—his pure communion with the divine powers—the sublime condition of his faith and obedience—his seduction by infernal subtlety working on his self-esteem and ambition—his expulsion from Eden, and his exposure to all the ills that flesh is heir to—have been found to coincide with all the discoveries hitherto made respecting the mythological initiations, secret philosophy, and chronological and geographical traditions of all Gentile nations.

The study of this comparative evidence of the truth of revelation, throws astonishing light on the obscurer passages of Scripture. The reader may collect its buried fragments from very recondite and scattered sources of information. He may, for instance, derive some assistance from Kircher, Gale, Cudworth, Ramsay, Shuckford, Dupuis, Gebelin, More, Delaulnaye, Phanner, Burigne, Panza, Meursius, Rocher, Taylor, Beausobre, Reuchlin, Rosler, Creuzer, Pierius, Fludd, Agrippa, Helpen, Bryant, Oliver, Bridges, and Davies.

It is not to be supposed that a subject so full of intense interest as the glory of all created minds, the fall of angels, and the fall of man, should long be left unoccupied by the prophet bards and poets of Judah. It was evidently the first and most fascinating theme of their meditations and their songs; on it they exhausted their whole power of research and imagination, and their success is testified by a thousand passages of resplendent and imperishable verse, more or less masked by allegorical and hieroglyphic imagery, which still excite the veneration and gratify the sagacity of the student.

The early fathers of the Christian Church, some of them the most eloquent of men, were likewise distinguished by poetic honors, as might have been expected. They discoursed on these august mysteries of their religion with the demonstration of the Spirit and the power of reason, and thereto they added the glowing decorations of the muse. Augustin. Ephraim, Gregory, Prudentius, Nonnus, and the "Poetæ Christiani" of

Greece and Rome, were much engaged in the severe defence of their faith, by forcible dialectics and practical arts, but these did not hinder them from doing justice to the poetic splendors of Christianity.

Among the Christian fathers who arrayed the fall of Adam with poetical imagery, was St. Avitus, early in the sixth century. He wrote a poem, in three parts, entitled "*De Origine Mundi, de Originali Peccato, and de Sententiâ Dei.*" The learned M. Guizot has lately brought these compositions into notice, and instituted a parallel between them and Milton's "*Paradise Lost,*" which he thinks in some measure derived from them. In "*Blackwood's Magazine*" for March, 1838, this question is discussed with much ingenuity and candour.

The classic genius of the gentiles was yet more successful in investing these sublime doctrines of theology, so far as they understood them, by the aid of vague traditions, with the pomp of enthusiastic fancy, and the ornament of dazzling verse. It is no less profitable than pleasing to observe the progress of these traditions as they came into the hands of the gentile bards, dim and confused, and thence issued forth clad in the gorgeous apparel of fiction, passion, and rhapsody.

These grand themes of poetic genius continued to sow the seeds of future song in the mystical dramas and romantic legends connected with the initiations of the middle ages; and though long bewailed as dead and extinct, that seed retained an essential vitality not to be destroyed by violence, barbarism, or ignorance. It sprang up like a strong plant with the revival of letters, and with the outburst of universal reformation. It would be idle to notice very particularly the earliest compositions in the classical or modern languages relating to the fall of man. The first Latin poem of note on this subject, is the *Protogonus* of Anysius, a tragedy; the hero of which is Adam. This was published in 1535, in quarto, and was very celebrated in its day, though now little known.

The next writer of eminence on the same topic, was Zieglerus, who wrote two Latin tragedies, *Protoplastis* and *Samson Agonistes*, published in 1550.

Another writer, who followed in the same path, was Du Bartas, who wrote about 1580, a long poem in French, entitled the "*Weeks of the Creation*"—being a sort of poetic commentary on the earlier chapters of Genesis. This work was published with extensive annotations, and became exceedingly popular on the continent. It was translated into English by that most fantastical of all versifiers, Sylvester. The notes were likewise translated by another hand.

A little after, in 1593, our English poet, Hunis, or Hunnis, the translator of the Psalms, published a tragedy, entitled "*Adam's Banishment;*" which we have not met with.

Such were the compositions extant in the boyhood of Hugo Grotius, who was born at Delft, 1583—educated under the famous Francis Junius, at Leyden, in the profound study of the Scriptures, according to the Biblical commentators of his time—skilled in all the critical and varied scholarship of classical literature, and familiarized with the best compositions of the modern writers; he availed himself of his treasured resources to an extent never before equalled.

The mind of Grotius was naturally of a deeply devotional kind, and peculiarly inclined to meditate on those primary and transcendent mys-

teries of theology and philosophy so shrewdly discussed and elaborated in that metaphysical age. But his intelligence was of too bold and stalwarth a cast ever to succumb beneath the burden of abstract perplexities, or lose itself in mazes of speculative difficulty. He had that within him which could detect the hidden principle of verity beneath the cloud of superincumbent mysticism—which could follow out the golden thread of truth amid all the labyrinths of argument—grasp the only tangible and palpable forms which casuistical subtleties ever assumed—and then apply them with a curious felicity of common sense to the practical affairs of life.

But it is not our business to celebrate Grotius for his divinity, his philosophy, his jurisprudence, or his classical attainments. All these are already well known to the public. We must here confine our attention to his poetical productions, with which he seems to have amused his majestic mind from infancy to old age:—for his first sacred poems were printed at Leyden before he was 16, and he continued to write miscellaneous verses through his whole life.

Having, doubtless, in the course of his studious education, read most of the ancient and modern compositions on the Fall of Man, it appeared to him that this subject was one of the fittest possible for a noble tragedy or epic, and that nothing worthy of its sublimity had ever yet been written.

Accordingly, at the age of 18, he composed the tragedy "*Adamus Exul*," which we have now translated. "Grotius (says Burigny, his biographer) did not confine himself to small pieces of verse—he rose to tragedy. We have three tragedies written by him. The first was '*Adamus Exul*.' He sent it to Lipsius, who liked it, and it was printed at Leyden in 1601; and again in a collection of his sacred poems, printed in quarto at the Hague, 1610. His two other tragedies, the '*Christus Patiens*,' and the '*Sophromphaneas*,' are published in the general collection of his poems. These were translated by Vondel into Dutch; and by Sandys and Goldsmith into English."

Whether Grotius was dissatisfied or not with this tragedy of "*Adamus Exul*," the leading scholars of his time were delighted with it. It called forth the panegyric and complimentary verses of Vossius, Heinsius, Dousa, Potteius, Mersius, and others, now to be found collected in the *Grotii Poemata*, and excited very general admiration throughout Europe.

It was more or less imitated by Andreini, 1613—by Ramsay, 1633—by Masenius, 1650—and by other Latin, Italian, German, French, and English poets, who followed in the same track.

But by none was it so closely followed, so admirably emulated and improved upon as by our Milton. The mind of Milton, originally resembling that of Grotius in many of its leading characteristics, was, like his, familiarized with scriptural, classic, and modern literature—like his, tried and harassed by the ecclesiastical, political, and literary contests of the age. The first geniuses of their respective countries, "born for whatever was arduous," too independent to press themselves into the patronage of the nations they made glorious—too proud to ask the political rewards they merited; it was their fate to receive the honors from foreigners which were withheld by their jealous fellow-countrymen. Such were the causes of their sympathy. For Grotius, Milton acknow-

ledged a veneration and an emulous regard he vouchsafed to no other modern. With Grotius, he sympathised deeply from his earliest years; he neglected not to visit him on the continent, and gloried in his friendship as long as he lived.

It is clear, that, like Grotius, Milton also was eminently skilled in theological science, in all the cabalistic and mythological initiations, and philosophical learning of antiquity. This has been sufficiently proved by Birch, Newton, and the author of the essay on "Milton's Use of the Ancients."

But it was not to the ancients only that Milton was indebted: he availed himself equally of the moderns; and without doubt the "Adamus Exul" of Grotius furnished Milton with that seed of thought and passion which afterwards bloomed out in that "bright consummate flower," the "Paradise Lost."

Much as we detest the name of Lauder, literary justice obliges us to give that unhappy gentleman his due, which he has not yet received. He was one of the first who perceived the high probability of Milton's obligation to Grotius and the modern Latin poets. And never yet did author more cunningly combine truth and falsehood than Lauder. His learning generally enabled him to prove at least half his point, and imposture supplied all that was wanting in evidence.

Lauder was a Scotchman, a Latin schoolmaster, and a literary adventurer. In reading the first act of the "Adamus Exul," and other modern Latin poems, he could hardly fail to perceive the frequent use which Milton, conversant as he was with all curious and ingenious literature, naturally made of them,

About the year 1750, Lauder wrote some articles in the "Gentleman's Magazine," stating his discoveries. These exciting some attention, and winning the approbation of Dr. Johnson, he was induced, in the same year, to publish an Essay, entitled "An Essay on Milton's Use and imitation of the Moderns in Paradise Lost." In this work, finding his materials deficient, he unhappily endeavoured to supply the defect of his authorities by drawing largely on his own latinity.

In this Essay, in which he quotes the first Act of "Adamus Exul," Lauder says, "In Birche's Life of Milton is the copy of a manuscript in his own hand-writing, found at Trinity College, Cambridge, which contains the name of Grotius's 'Adamus Exul, or Adam Unparadised or in Banishment.'" "This tragedy" (continues Lauder) "though it passed through no less than four editions, was never yet printed among the rest of the author's works, and was so exceedingly scarce, that I could not procure a copy either in Britain or Holland, till the learned Mr. Abraham Gronovius, keeper of the public library at Leyden, after great enquiry, obtained the sight of one, and, as I have been sometime honored with his correspondence and friendship, sent me (transcribed by his own son) the first act of it, and afterwards the rest, together with the dedication, addressed to the Duke of Bourbon.

"Now as Mr. Fenton" (continues Lauder) "as well as Mr. Phillips, Milton's nephew, informs us that 'Paradise Lost' was first written, or intended to be written, in the form of a tragedy, wherein Satan was to pronounce the prologue, the judicious reader will perceive the probability of Milton's availing himself of this literary treasure. In self-defence, I

shall, if encouraged by the public, hereafter publish the whole tragedy in the original Latin."

This promise Lauder afterwards fulfilled, and in 1752, published his "*Delectus Auctorum Sacrorum Miltono Facem prælucendum*;" containing the "*Adamus Exul*" of Grotius, and Ramsay's "*Poemata Sacra*." *Having procured Dr. Parr's copy of this work, now become very scarce,—being personally assured by the late Mr. Heber that it was a faithful copy of the original editions, which, he said, he had in his own library—and having carefully examined the internal evidences,* the translator has no doubt respecting the authenticity of this tragedy. Nor has its genuineness, thus confirmed by various authorities, ever been disproved by Bishop Douglas, or other writers, who detected so many forgeries in other publications of Lauder.

In translating it, we have endeavoured to retain as much of the spirit and sense of the original as is consistent with poetical sentiment and expression. On the whole, it will be found no unjust representation of the original, though we have here and there taken the liberty to insert a few explanatory lines, and sometimes to contract that redundancy of detailed descriptions, now considered superfluous.

By thus bringing this most celebrated Tragedy to light, after its long eclipse, we hope to supply that necessary link in the series of Milton's authorities, which has hitherto been held a desideratum. If we have been at all successful in transfusing the genius and style of the original into the translation, the reader can hardly fail to perceive that religious sublimity, that moral thoughtfulness, that intellectual urgency, and manly simplicity, so strikingly characteristic of Grotius and Milton, and so miserably deficient in the poetry of the present day.

This peculiarity is well described by Professor Wilson:—"In Milton, (says he) the power of poetry seemed to expire; not merely because no voice like his was heard when his own voice had ceased, but because the very purposes of poetry seemed to be changed, and the demesnes of verse to be subjected to other faculties, and the sceptre past into unlineal hands. Milton, like his great predecessors, drew his poetry from the depths of his own spirit—brooding over nature and life—standing between the worlds of nature and man—and chaunting to men the voice of his visions—a strain that, like a bright reflection of lovely imagery, discloses to the minds of others the glories and perfections that fell beautiful and numberless on his own. The great difference between the poetry of Milton and that of our own day, is the severe obedience to an intellectual law which governed his mind in composition. The study of his poetry would be as much a work of exact intellectual analysis as that of the logical writings of Aristotle. It is evident that he was not satisfied with great conception—it was not enough that language yielded her powerful words to invest those conceptions with a living form. But he knew that when he wrote he practised an intellectual art—that both the workings of imagination, and the vivid impression of speech, must be reduced to an order satisfying to the intelligence. And hence, in his boldest poetry, in the midst of wonder and astonishment, we never feel for a moment that reason is shaken from his sovereignty over the actions of the mind. We are made to feel, on the contrary, that her prevailing overruling power rises in strength and majesty as all the powers that are subject to

her kindle and dilate. Such a character in composition, testifies not only to the sublimity of mind that formed the work, but it shows the spirit of the age. We are assured, by that evidence, had we no other, that the age which gave Milton birth had cultivated to the highest the intellectual faculties. We read, in his poetry, the severe yet painful studies, the toiling energies of thought, the labours of abstract speculation, the long concatenated reasonings which tried the strength of the human faculties in the schools. Imagination has clothed that strength with her own forms; but the strength is of severe nurture. The giant of mighty bone has heroic beauty; but the structure of his unconquerable frame is of Titan origin."

We have also endeavoured to retain something of that Miltonic cadence in blank verse, which Elton, one of our best translators, thus describes:—"The Miltonic harmony (says he) displays the power of metrical arrangement, independent of rhyme. They who criticise blank verse, as requiring helps to prevent it from lapsing into prose, or losing its distinction of measure, are not aware of the power of simple metrical division and uncertain pauses. They look at blank metre with an eye confined to simple unconnected lines, and fail to perceive that *it is not in single lines, but in a sweep of concatenated periods that the harmony of blank verse consists.*"

The public will now decide whether this Tragedy of "Adamus Exul" is not a more probable source of Milton's "Paradise Lost" than "Andreini's Adam," an Italian drama, to which this honor has been allotted by Voltaire and Hayley; or the "Paradiso Perso," defended by Pearce; or the wild romance patronised by Peck; or Silvester's "Du Bartas," criticised by Mr. Dunster, in his "Considerations on Milton's Early Reading, and the Prima Stamina of his Paradise Lost."

We may just add, that if this work should excite much interest, it is our intention to re-publish the original Latin—now extremely scarce.

THE ADAMUS EXUL OF GROTIUS;
OR, THE PROTOTYPE OF PARADISE LOST.

A TRAGEDY. IN FIVE ACTS.

INTERLOCUTORS.

JEHOVAH.

CHOIR OF ANGELS.

ANGEL.

SATAN.

ADAM.

EVE.

ARGUMENT.

After the Aboriginal creation, and the lapse of Angels and Spirits, Man is placed in Paradise, and the command of this lower world allotted to him; while he is forbidden to eat of the fruit of the tree, symbolical of the knowledge of good and evil. Satan, under pretence of friendship, endeavours to

persuade Adam to break the command of Heaven; and then, under the figure of a Serpent, deceives Eve, by whose solicitation her husband also sins. After receiving the promise of Redemption, they are expelled from the Garden of Eden, and delivered over to Death and human calamities.

ACT I.

Satan. The sacred Thunderer's foe, exiled from Heaven,
My native birthright and my home, I come,
Urging my desolate disastrous flight
From that Tartarean den, and the grim curse
Of dawnless midnight. Hatred of all good
Hath hurled me from the hereditary throne
Of too unblest ambition,—sowing lies,
And ripening damn'd sedition—terrible,
Unuttered and unutterable fraud.
Guilt is become my nature and my joy;
I breathe essential vice; and most I seek
For that selectest crime, which to conceive
Is luxury; and yet horror that appals
Great Satan's self. Aye, with this burning hope,
Through all these starry labyrinths, I pursue
My vengeance, and embark on fathomless seas,
Girt by the vague shores of infinity.
Like the devouring lion, famine-stung,
That, howling in his muffled ire, lays bare
The grisly chasm of his blood-stained teeth,
So forth I fare; and, hoping 'gainst belief,
To eclipse intensest misery, by the shade
Of miseries more intense, shall I not gain
Supremacy of ill, and so become
Sole despot, tyrant, and o'er all extend
The immense emblazed autocracy of Hell.
A god of gods. Ah! can I be deceived?
Even now methinks this poised and stedfast globe
Reels, rocks, beneath my incumbent weight. 'Tis well;
So let it be; so speed the fair design
Of supereminent craft. The world shall hear,
And hearing, blench and tremble. But, behold,
That Eden of our search appears. The east,
The effulgent orient pours forth all his streams
Down its precipitous sides tumultuously.
Here the o'erflowing Phison issues forth,
Araxes' royal tide, which clothes with green
The Colchian plains, and clasps with strong embrace
Havilah, and the Caspian land of gold,
Bdellium, and onyx. Towards the southern shore,
Flows Gihon, or Choaspes, down the vales
Of Persian Susiana. By his side,
Hiddekel; the swift Tigris rolls his waves;

And furthest west, the broad Euphrates spreads
 His giant arms invincible, and fills
 Chaldea with his richness. Here I view
 The Elysium of the earth—the Paradise
 Of spirits immortal; if not lapsed so far
 In guilt as their lost brethren; soon to share
 Our curse, and sharing lighten or remove.
 Here the thick spicy groves repeat the voice
 Of many-tuned zephyr, and each tree
 Grows sensitive of ecstasy, and thrills
 To his most subtle whisperings. Here the light
 Sheds forth its radiant scintillating smiles,
 Burning yet bashfully, and gilds the air
 With an ineffable pleasure. No damp cloud
 Impends; nor from the vexed electric pole
 Black tempests roar; no thunder-blasting strokes
 Shake the sweet calm; nor triple lightnings dash
 Their horrible vengeance o'er these happy bowers.
 Here reigns perpetual spring, with dewy tears,
 Dissolving the chill vapour, nor permits
 Harsh winter's foul intrusion. Whatsoe'er
 Is precious or desirable hath place
 In this voluptuous empire. When the God
 Had wrought the effulgent mechanism of heaven,
 With glittering spheres unnumbered, and ordained,
 In their harmonic periods, all the stars,
 That his first works might not his last excel,
 Like his own Son, divinest image and best,
 Adam he formed; and man the wonderful,
 From the small dust arose. To him he gave
 Princedom and lordship o'er this planet Earth;
 To him authority o'er all its kinds
 Of living forms or dead. And to increase
 The joy of this imperial son of clay,
 An Eve, the mother of his tyrannous heirs,
 Hath Heaven provided. Sooth to say, the world
 Was rarely more surprised than when the bone
 Of this sleep-cumbered Titan did assume
 That feminine form of beauty, which her spouse
 Declares his supereminent, his best,
 First, last, in love-taught oratory. And now,
 Both naked, walk this wilderness of sweets.
 All modesty they have; but nought of shame,
 It seems; for dreams of shame and infamy
 Have yet disturbed them little. So they dwell
 In worship, praise, glory, and innocence;
 Smiling at death, pain, and the envenomed stings
 That wait on guilt. Alas, my stricken soul!
 Alas, my blasted heart! and my despair,
 How much we differ now. Whence have we fallen?
 What crime committed? We, the sons of God,

Coevals of the heavens, the fabricators
And charioteers of stars and satellites,
Unscathed by bickering tongues of fire ; unchilled
By icy shudderings of remorse ; uncased
In foul and dissoluble elements
Of rank materialism. We angels, then
Were gods, and mates for gods. But now we live,
If death and life be one, and coexist,
We live alone to torture. We are free
Only to drag the galling cankering chains
Of desperation tighter—to augment
Ruin by ruin, and for ever heap
Damnation on damnation. O that death
Were still discoverable—the dreamless sleep
Unknown as yet to human fear—to me
Is fancy's chiefest bliss ; and hopelessly
I hope to find perdition swallowed up
By blest annihilation, and all hell
Self-burned into oblivion, self-consumed.
That triple hell, in ether, ocean, earth,
Grows worse in every stage, even to the last.
There in the flaming centre of the globe,
That last worst mansion is, which to its maw
Insatiable all spirits lapsed, and robed
In matter doth impel. The cave of night,
The abyss of shadows, the unfathomed pit,
Yawns for its prey ; and down its grim descent
A vortex of unutterable woe
For ever boils. Wild Horror's self grows dumb
While the voraginous whirl of agonies
Rebellow thro' the vaults of blank despair.
Hither heaven-blasting Lucifer was hurled :
Here Satan reigns o'er all his giant hosts
Of angel warriors, heroes but in vain ;
For now the awakened and unquenchable wrath
Of the stern Thunderer wastes us, and becomes
Our omnipresent torture, which still goads
And galls and blisters. Conscience ever hurls
The metaphysical lightnings of remorse
Thro' the vexed heart, the heart that inly bleeds
With anguish, yet repents not. Sometimes grief
And passionate rage by turns usurp the sway.
The criminal o'erwrought, and rung with pain,
Dares his great foe to battle, and defies
His worst of torments ; for all change relieves
The sad monotony of woes eterne
As hell wherein we writhe. But most of all
Good company shall cheer us, and wild wail
Shall wear the charm of sympathy, at least
If craft can win what courage can but lose ;
For this I stand in Eden. Adam lives,

No doubt, most genially, with his fair bride,
 Rejoicing in safe wedlock : his whole soul
 Is glorified within him, and he boasts
 To fill my vacant throne, and be a god,
 Or, like a god, among the immortals. I
 Will work on his self-flattery. Not for this
 Do I renounce my vengeance, till I wreak
 My wrongs and griefs on him, whom to destroy
 Shall vex the court of heaven. All peace forsworn,
 The unconquerable soul within me vows
 Eternal war unsparing and unspared ;
 My violent heart o'ercharged with direst curse,
 Burns to inflict the infliction. I will bring
 His proud soul under, or be double damned.
 Doth he not mock me, laugh to bitter scorn
 My prowess and assaulting, while, with brow
 Of worship and calm reverence, he pursues
 The steep ascent to heaven. Satan, beware !
 Beware in time ; be watchful, else this butt
 Of thy supreme chicanery shall assume
 The post among the immortals, which he holds
 With such propriety of lordly grace
 Amid the earth-sprung legions. Then, indeed,
 Unhappy Lucifer, thou might'st indulge
 The crimson blush of impotent shame, to find
 Thy vacant thrones and palaces on high
 Filled by these dust-born insolents. Awake !
 Arise ! proud fiend ; bestir thy battailous strength—
 O arm of power, unmatched of all but one—
 And crush the pitiful fools, who thus attempt
 To ape, to insult their noblers ; who, like dwarfs,
 Would ride on prostrate giants, famed of old.
 Hell ! I invoke thee ! Ye Tartarean powers
 Lend me your blasting influence. And ye, too,
 Chaos and Night, your emulous arms array ;
 Thrones, dominations, all from heaven accursed,
 Therefore with me confederate and conjoined,
 And hurl one mingled ruin on the foe.
 Let Pride, o'erwhelming and invincible Pride,
 Marshal our ranks ; and infidel Blasphemy,
 And Error's pitchy shade ; Ambition, Strife,
 The insatiable avarice of new gains ; the lust
 Of riotous appetites, the faith of lies
 And levity, credulous of things unknown,
 These be our ministry, our harbingers
 Of Victory. Pests and plagues, ye snaky train,
 Ye clinging curses, ye soul-blistering stings,
 Burst your infernal gaol ; come one, come all,
 In your black pomp of horrors, and invade
 This Paradise of Earth. With venomous frauds
 Stir the clear soul of man ; with goading thoughts

And carking cares assault him. Let no art
Of malice be forgot. In Eden's bound
Hath God two trees, of Life and Knowledge, placed.
The first, of faith symbolic, he permits
Adam to eat; the other he denies,
Lest eating, he grow wise in that sad lore,
Knowledge of good and ill, and good by ill,
Which we have proved full bitter, for with this
Is death inseparably linked. E'en here
The broad Euphrates flows, and on his banks
This fair and notable tree, with leafy hair
Splintering the purple day-beam. On each branch
The odorous and spirit-tempting fruit
Hangs lusciously: the colour, burnished gold,
Raptures the eye, and wakes refined desire
To taste the inviting store voluptuously.
But God forbids to touch, much more to pluck,
The delicate banquet; and his fixed command
Hath ratified by penalties of death.
As yet this man is innocent, unshamed
By aught of vice; he walks the middle track
Of virtue: yet in vain self-confidence,
Whene'er he lists, may turn to each extreme.
When Satan blows the wind, shall it not bend
This strained freewill, so boasted, yet so frail?
On this I build my hope; for on this warped,
This weak, this blind, this hoodwinked side of man,
Will I begin the assault. Here I obtest
Thee, my presiding genius. All thy powers
Of infinite invention, and each art,
Graceful to cheat, and flattering to destroy;—
If man's temptation-proof, not so his spouse.
Him I'll befool by her; for lighter far
Her soul, and more fantastic, sound command
Prone to forget, and mischief apt to learn,
And variable as fancy. Much she longs
Herself to indulge, and in o'erweening hope,
Preoccupies high things; and most she loves
All gifts denied her: all habitual goods
With her grow stale, and pall upon her sense;
While with preposterous curiosity
She probes the unknown, and doats upon the strange.
Already sick of permanent bliss, and tired
Of blest repose, her rash inconstancy,
Her hot ambition, and the unmatchable hue
Of these mysterious and most magical fruits—
All, all are in my favour: and without
These friendly adjuncts, could I else but win
The Devil 'gainst the Woman, shrewd enough
Without my aid to cull the flowers of sin.
But will she hear me, one whom she esteems

So ugly, spiteful, horrible, and black ;
 Or lend the amicable womanly ear
 To her foul foe ? Nay, in my righteous soul
 I must dissimulate hatred, I must cloak
 The goblin to the heel ; for he who cheats
 Too openly, doth aid the antagonist most,
 And wrong himself much more. He ne'er can give
 Malice fair play, who doth not malice hide.
 'Tis easy love to feign ; and she who takes
 Feigned love for true, doth lie to her own soul.
 Too credulous hope is but self-mockery ;
 But if quite firm in goodness, if self-will
 For once befriends her, and her placable ear
 Is obstinately denied me, in new forms,
 New shows of blandishment, will I succeed.
 No eye of mortal can the subtle fiend
 So finely masked discern, no hand detect
 The inscrutable demon. Such a form I'll try,
 Form without substance, a pure phantasm only
 Of plausible beauty ; for if ghostly thing
 Doth dress itself in body, and assume
 Aught of material lineament, at once
 The imposture shall be proved. I will avoid
 This marplot of ambition, and connect
 My diabolical mind with that lapsed soul
 Of undiscoverable craft which fills
 The serpent and his sons. And thus unknown,
 My lubricating snakeship will I wind
 Cunningly onward, and, observing all,
 Traverse this haunted garden, self-involved,
 In mazy complications. I can coil,
 And turn, and turn, and go straight on. Sweet words
 Must hang upon my triple-forked tongue,
 From which the honied prodigality
 Of guile, into her ear distilling, shall
 So metamorphose her, she shall become
 All appetite to taste, all hand to pluck
 The golden ruin. Wherefore more delay ?
 This very day, this hated man shall like
 A god o'errule me, or a beast subserve.

Chorus of Angels.

They who from the etherial height
 Of heaven, audaciously despise
 Those beings of a lowlier flight,
 Who dwell beneath more dusky skies,
 Beware ; beware, ye proud ones, lest
 Like one our pure lips never name ;
 Ye learn how sweet the immortal rest
 Only by contrast with the pain

Of sleepless agonies.

Lo he
Who late in heaven resplendent shone,
Now writhes in wordless ecstasy
Of woes, unpitied and unknown.
He who refused to call his God
More than his equal, now is cast,
By all despised, by all abhorr'd,
To weep for glories ever past
From his lost soul.

How like the star
Of orient day, once beamed he forth,
Dazzling all eyes, and scattering far
His burning splendours south and north ;
Like Lucifer, the prince of light,
He led the morning stars along ;
Now Hesperus, of ominous night,
His sole compeers, the infernal throng,
He walks in darkness.

Happy they
Who like the unfallen angels dwell,
And celebrate their Deity,
With voice of music's choral swell,
From Heaven's empyreal citadel
Where God is light. Whose truth and love
Are sun and moon ; whose genial rays
Send rapture thro' all hearts above,—
The voiceless joy,—the sweet amaze.

But he, alas ! how sad the dream
Of our fallen brother, outcast, lost ;
Who glides on the portentous gleam
Of bursting meteors, shattered, crost ;
Whose wild, oblique, and quivering course
Rocks the firm poles, and hurrying by,
With passion-winged remorseless force
Scares the bright armies of the sky,
Dancing perpetual jubilee.

And now he goes, in all his power
Of blasted treachery, to abuse
That human race, which to this hour
Is holy, just. Will these refuse
The fair seduction ? Will they stand ?
Or, like our lapsed and exiled foes,
Sink from the glory and command
Of virtue, to the accursed woes
Which crush the apostate and the damned ?

ACT II.

Adam. The day arises, and the trooping shades
 Of night are scattered. Lo, the orient sun,
 With golden frontlet, glitters o'er the hills,
 And all the stars hide their diminished heads.
 O how immense is He, who steadfast, fixed
 With his unseen and thunder-grasping hand,
 Rolls the celestial axle, and its poles,
 Whereon the multitudinous universe
 Of gorgeous constellations still revolves,
 Most musically eloquent! They praise
 The law of Him the omnipotent, and weave
 Eternal harmonies of mind and thought,
 Nature, and time, and season. Like a hymn
 Of visible worship, doth their choral pomp
 Spell-bind the soul. It is the heart's own voice,
 Heard by the heart alone, while in the ear
 Silence is tranced with mystery. Still, methinks,
 The immeasurable armament of stars,
 This host of heaven, with wordless melodies sweet,
 Solicit man's devotion, and awake
 Ambition more divine—the emulous thirst
 Of fame, like theirs the immortals, which indeed
 Might have been ours, or yet perchance may be.

Angel. O happy those, in whom the image of God
 Ingrafted in the heart, daily expands
 Its boundless aspirations; on whom faith
 And holiest veneration, and no less
 The metaphysical intellect and discourse
 Of reason have been lavished! Dost thou see,
 Father of men, how vastly thou excellest
 All thy terrestrial subjects? Thou hast mind,
 The imperishable luxury of gods,
 Thou immortality of hope. Behold
 Thy gifts of conscience, reason, active power
 Of self-producing, self-combining all
 Innate ideas of intellectual truth,
 Intelligible abstract principles,
 Illimitably applicable. These,
 With minds in matter more involved, show forth
 Much less of moral instinct; oft the sport
 Of passive and particular phantasies,
 Which to combine they know not, nor apply
 To more than small experience doth enforce,
 Or smaller wants solicit. So much they
 Beneath thy scope have lapsed, and been ordained
 Thy servants, their free service usefully
 To employ, tho' of abuse responsible.

Adam. Blessed be God ! the eternal God and Sire
Of gods and men. His omnipresence fills
All minds, all bodies ; no beginning, he
No end doth know ; no equal, in all else
The self-omniscient. Unto him no form
But light, and but infinitude no place ;
God's life, it is eternity ; his end
His proper possibility. All hail !
Paternal and imperishable God !
One, only One, thou dwellest, yet dost contain
In unity, triplicity of minds,
Powers, and relations. O majestic Fount
Of Goodness ! Origin of vital Truth !
Thy divine Son and Wisdom, unto whom
Wishes are works. He, whatsoever ill
With wings of gloom o'ercasts the unwary soul,
Dispels ; and with the ever genial spirit of love,
Doth soothe all sorrows, and all sins forgive.

Angel. Well hast thou spoken, O Adam ! God in thee
His image hath infused, and therewithal
Divinest truths which teach thee what he is ;
Him know we but in part—Himself alone
Himself throughout discerns—the which he views,
And viewing doth admire ; enjoys all good
Which creatures share in fragments of delight.
Yes, God is supreme Mind, the Spirit that fills
The universe, impregnates and informs ;
He is the Truth ; all truth he therefore knows.
All good is He ; He is the cause of good,
Which like an emanation doth proceed
From its unfathomable source. We stand
Nearest to Him, his chosen ministers,
Cherub and seraph, archangelic powers,
Who work His will ; but in His holy sight
Heaven is not pure, and we with folly charged,
Blush, and with veiling wings our brows o'ershade ;
O how remorsefully ; and far removed
From that most incommunicable fire,
Which, Iris-like, involves the unconquered throne.
Such are his ministers, and such are yours,
For he doth send us to you, to protect
Your worship and your innocence ; and thus
We pass 'twixt heaven and earth, 'twixt earth and heaven,
Viewless and momentarily. Yet not the less
Pure indivisible minds, which though indeed
Not gifted with ubiquity, are here
And there, as instantaneously as light.
Adam, how boundless our felicity,
Thou may'st conceive, may'st feel. Still be it ours
To will even as God wills, and urgently

Work out his just commands—his praise extol,
 Cherish his love, and learn his hidden truth,
 Which secret things makes manifest, and search
 Its works, which are the index of the power
 Which formed them so resplendent, and preserves.

Adam. Truth is in all thy words ; and since the day
 Of my mysterious birth in this new sphere,
 Wherein I wakened and beheld a world
 Of vital miracles round me, hath my soul
 Burned with a still yet quenchless appetite
 To know the occult philosophy of things.
 Stupid, and crushed with ignorance, I live,
 Not in myself, but in the vague amaze
 Of all external marvels. O my guide,
 If thy swift-thinking passion-stirring mind
 One vacant hour can idle, ah disperse
 This thick cloud of wild wonder, and instruct
 With angel-wisdom a poor child of clay.

Angel. O Adam, One Almighty Word there is !
 He from his still eternity went forth,
 And did with intellectual plastic power
 Inform that spiritual element, which none
 Can understand, whether divine or not,
 Whose form is Nature, and whose course is Time.
 From hence the immortal Chorus, sons of God,
 The angelic host arose, and with them sprung,
 Adapted to their minds, those physical stars
 Of morning, which did sing Creation's birth.
 Thus was God's primitive universe all light,
 All glory, all renown, till Lucifer,
 Chief of the angel guardians of the stars,
 Rebelled in heaven, and grisly war disturbed
 The prime crystalline spheres. Michael opposed,
 With all the heroic loyalty of heaven,
 The apostate foe ; and him, with all his powers
 Of impious demons and Titanian stars,
 Hurl'd from the effulgent centre. Hence arose
 The purgatorial gulf of exiled Nature,
 Chaos and Night, the immeasurable mass
 Of mixed material elements, and forms
 Shattered in ominous ruin. Then at last
 The Spirit of God moved on the murky face
 Of the confused abyss, and with the swift
 And thought-winged powers that work the Almighty's will,
 The lapsed intelligences of fallen worlds
 Roused from their torpid trance ; and these disposed
 Over new suns and planet earths to prove
 Moral probation, such as best befits
 Immortal souls in mortal forms confined.
 The best of these that least had forfeited

Their once angelic attributes, he placed
In pleasant places, Gardens of Paradise,
Whether etherial, or with matter mixed,
Like this thy earthly Eden. But the rest,
Satan, and those his diabolic fiends,
Stung by intenser guilt, these worse chastised
In air, and sea, and subterranean gloom,
Rage, but repent not. Oh of these beware,
For their sole aim is to seduce to ill
Returning souls aspiring after heaven ;
Nor fraud nor force are spared how to ensnare
The unwary pilgrim, and his hope destroy.

Adam. Methinks I understand thee, how the vast
And gorgeous constellations we behold
At midnight, and their filial families,
Rose into being. Now, O seraph, say
Whence our peculiar system, whence our sun,
Our planets, earths, comets, and satellites,
Sprung in their order, like the hosts above.

Angel. When the etherial universe of stars
Had full four times revolved, the fiery source,
The vital flame and principle of things
Gathered itself towards thy solar sphere,
And stirred the floating atmosphere, and all
Aerial fluid elements around
To swiftest vortices. From hence the birth
Of all your system sprung. Your glittering sun,
Your planet earths, on fixed harmonic scale
Revolving, and their satellites, and those
Mysterious cometary bands which sweep
The purple hollowness of heaven, and plunge
Through fierce extremes of blistering heat and cold
Alternately, and with tumultuous fears
Perplex the peaceful denizens of heaven ;
All these, with spiritual agencies,
And elemental powers invincible,
Are furnished, and no less with living souls
In various forms invested, masked, disguised,
And carcerated in matter, which to learn,
And their strange destinies, thy restless thought
Shall ever seek and ever hope to find.

Eve. O my immortal spouse, my best delight,
My solace, I have sought thee far and near—
Among our bowers of bliss ; I cannot live
But in thy presence ; with thee I inhale
The element of living love, but torn
From thee I faint, my feeble pulse forgets
Its joyous dance, I languish, and I die.

Adam. Soul of my soul, life of my life, my Eve,

My own heart-born sole partner, without whom
 Ease could not soothe, and pleasure cannot please,
 How doubled is my rapture, when I share
 Rapture with thee, and, by imparting, gain.
 Alone with his Great Maker, man may be
 O'erwhelmed in solemn ecstasies, and seem
 To lose himself amidst the thrilling awe,
 The keen sweet horror of delight, which fills
 Cherub and seraph. But the human heart
 Hath thought and feeling far too frail and mixed
 For the pure unity of Godhead. These
 We pant to share, we agonise to pour,
 The treasured tenderness of aching breasts
 On our own bright similitudes who thirst
 Thus to receive and give. This fond desire,
 Dearer than all enjoyment, this wrought tide
 Of passionate anxieties doth make
 The element of love, the bliss of bliss ;
 Such my serene experience, since I lay
 In that most death-like slumber, and did dream
 Of some fair angel-creature like to thee,
 And woke and found thee fairer than all dreams.

Eve. Thy words are more than music ; thou to me
 Art all in all of blessing. All things sweet
 With thee and thy dear smile, without thee seem
 To lose their proper nature, and become
 Harsh and embittered as the name of death.

Adam. So last our mutual love, so burn the fire
 Of worship, and this passion-glowing charm,
 On the heart's stainless altar. Hand in hand,
 And soul in soul, commixed, we'll venerate
 The name of Him, the Author of our joys ;
 Him, our first love, our last ; his laws obey,
 Emulous in sweet rivalry of praise,
 And never let a vain or impious wish
 Seek the forbidden fruitage. Ah methinks
 I hear, on the soft billows of the wind,
 Etherial music streaming ; list ! e'en now
 The angelic choirs hold jubilee, and sing.

Chorus of Angels.

Father of all, thy boundless praise
 Eternal, yet for ever new,
 We celebrate in symphonies
 Of choral hymns. Upon the blue
 Waves of this earthly atmosphere
 The voice of our outgushing love
 Floats joyously, for Thou art here
 Present, as in the stars above.

Thee the sun doth ever sing,
Glorious in his giant might,
Girding with electric ring
Each thunder-belted satellite ;
In his blaze we seraphs fly,
Light and love in every plume,
And from his beams all earnestly
Drink living splendors, and relume
The faded hues of ecstasy.

Thee the starry hosts obey,
Dancing in their mazy mood ;
Earth's far planet owns thy sway
In its exiled solitude.

O thou central Home of rest,
North, and south, and east, and west,
Point to thee, the first, the best ;
Bless thy bounty, and are blest.

Thee, the breezy zephyr calls,
Waving light his viewless fan ;
Thee, the roaring seneschals
Of tempest and mad hurricane,
Invoke. The flashing lightnings dance
Before thee, and grim thunders play,
But harm not the fair countenance
Of earth on this her natal day.

Mountain-torrents clap their hands,
Mighty rivers sound thy praise,
Wandering streams of every land,
Murmuring thro' their tangled ways,
Towards the great ocean,—azure glass
Of the eternal skies around,
O'er which the entranced spirits pass,
Mingling strange voices with its sound.

When liquid day comes glittering through
The golden vistas of the dawn,
Man and his subject race anew
Rise up, exulting in fresh morn :
And every fierce and savage brood,
That nightly blood-stained revels swell,
Glide to their forest solitude,
And all day long keep sentinel.

Here, by the heavenward hills supplied
With living waters, thou dost make
Sweet fountains gush on every side,
In which wild beasts eagerly slake
Their thirst ; and o'er their shining way
Poetic birds rejoicing sing,
And fill the vocal woods all day
With music's loveliest echoing.

And ever as the enlarging flood
Sweeps thro' the plain or vallies deep,
Glad herds of cattle gather food,
And glittering flocks of snow-white sheep;
There fruits and flowers perpetual bloom,
And golden harvest, oil and wine,
Rich store, whereby fell famine's doom
Is banished from this earthly line.

All and each, through years untold,
Shall flourish forth, and flourishing,
Add gift to gift, till time grows old,
When the tired ages fold their wing,
And fade into the eternity,
From whence fresh glories ever burst,
Never exhausted; for the first,
Midmost, and last, all equally
Praise forth the ineffable Deity.
Satan comes to blast the ball,
Shall he conquer, shall he fall?

(To be continued).

OUR CIGAR BOX.

How beautiful is Night!—blue gem-clad Night!—when Zephyr breathes her softest sighs across a flushed and fevered world, and the night flowers, grateful for her breath, pour forth in wild luxuriance their choicest sweets.—Beautiful indeed is Night! whether amid the golden vales of sweet Cashmere—the mountain heights of snow-adorned Helvetia—the sunny meads of festive Italy—or here, even here, in the tranquil rest of our small sky-parlour, where we, in solitude and silence, can pour forth in glowing ecstasy the gushing torrent of our soul's pent up imagery!

Night and moonlight—beautiful twin sisters of imagination and of song;—what myriad visions of surpassing beauty seem to arise amid the curling wreaths of our cigar. Wye Banks, a scene of sweetest loveliness—then Silence, child of Night—and Faney—ever on her steps attendant, call forth the scenes that time hath chronicled far deep

"In the heart's volume."

Wynd Cliff, in all its majesty; the lover's leap, precipitous as Leucade,

*"Where erst one Sappho buried love
In the embrace of death;"—*

the gentle Wye, careering on in silent majesty; Tintern, and all its ruins, limned out by memory in brighter hues than painter ever yet portrayed it;—our flitting bark careering, "ocean-borne," right downward to the deep; then overhead, the moon, "sky crescent,"

soaring up in highest heaven ; and beneath it, the soft eyes of one we love—perchance, too, turned on ours with that loved glance of

“ Silent, soft emotion ;”

that look of eloquent and speaking beauty, a gentle smile, that, long, long years ago, waked in our heart a never-dying flame—one heartfelt, passionate emotion, enduring, aye, as life, unfading and unceasing—the soul-imprinted seal that tells love’s first, love’s last idolatry !

Night, gem-clad night ! Lo, at the name what visions flit across the soul’s expanse ; what glorious gleams and seraph dreams, as if some magic trance bathed the wrapped spirit whilst it dwells, in fancy round thy charming dells, thou witching vale of Wye !

We are writing prose, yet, as it were mechanically, our words fall into measured harmonies ; and this is Poetry, the offspring of the intellectual soul, the mind’s creation ! Well and truly did he who named the bard stamp on him a befitting term—

ΠΟΙΗΤΗΣ, A CREATOR !

Yes ! Poetry is all creation ; and this alone is the test whereby to mete and criticise the wild fancies of the bard :—The merest verseling may string together jingling rhymes ; the poetaster may fribble away his time in constructing “ *nugæ canoræ* ;” but creation is the attribute of the poet ! It is he alone who feels within his soul “ the faculty divine ;” he whose eye,

——“ In a fine frenzy rolling,

Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven ;”

HE, whose brilliant and energetic fancy pours out “ thoughts that breathe, and words that burn :”—HE alone is the poet, THE CREATOR !

“ But who regards poetry now-a-days ?” asks the utilitarian ; “ who *can* regard anything but pounds, shillings, and pence, in this age of Chartism and confusion ? Who *can* regard poetry ?” We ask, “ Who can disregard it ?” Has not genius, and, more especially, poetical genius, a higher appreciation than it ever had ? It has ; it were vain to deny it. Poetry raises its possessor higher in the opinion of the world than the possession of any other peculiar talent. Look at Elliott, the Corn-Law poet, the founder of a new style in poetry. HE, a Sheffield mechanic, has “ created” poetry many of England’s peers might envy.

The influence of true poetry is unexampled, because its principles are universally implanted in the human breast. There is naturally existing in the bosom of every created being, some perception of beauty in the objects around them. These perceptions, as they are rendered more exquisite by genius, or more correct by education, engender that superior sense of beauty which must necessarily exist in the poet ; and it is by this pre-eminent susceptibility to the influence of real or ideal beauty, that the poet is distinguished from his fellows. In fact, THE ART OF THE POET CONSISTS IN PAINTING PICTURES FOR THE SOUL, and the desire to embody these “ shadowy forms,” and render them perceptible to the eye of others, first inspires the muse.

Poetry, then, if it deserve the name, is distinguished by this superior

sense of beauty, existing anteriorly in the writer. It is this, as regards nature, that gives grace to the majestic poetry of Wordsworth: the same susceptibility to the deeper and sterner feelings of the soul gave energy and pathos to the pen that traced Childe Harold; the same pre-eminent degree of susceptibility lends the peculiar air of grace and beauty that distinguishes the voluptuous Moore. So that, whatever be the direction of poetic genius, the poet must possess an inherent organisation that fits him for higher, nobler, and loftier excitements, than his kind; and, by the medium of his works, he enables the uninspired to revel in the same wide fields of phantasy and fiction; seeking, in every instance, not *what is*, but *what may or ought to be*; an elevation of the real into the ideal; a progression from fact to fiction—from created to creation.—And this is poetry.

We need only look to the works of any poet pre-eminent for beauty, to be at once convinced that creation, or rather creative power, is that peculiarity which forms the highest faculty of the inspired. Look at the majestic and wonderful creations of Milton; the delicate creatures of Shakspeare, glowing, as it were, in all the native freshness of the creative faculty: of him, indeed, it has been said, that he

“Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new;”—

but wherever we look, the most delightful objects even of *his* pen are those which abound most with creation;—for this is poetry.

Having disburthened ourselves of these matters, let us return to *Our Cigar Box*, which stands upon the table before us in all the majesty of a “Silva” brand: our box, however, is no longer redolent with choicest weeds, but laden with a freight of intellectual treasures, gathered from the flowing pens of young and ardent scholars. Be it known, that we, Arthur Wadham, were the writer of that prospectus of an *Aurora*, remembered, and to be remembered, because immortalised in the August number of this magazine. Be it known also, that to the principles there advocated, as it were to a clarion blast, rushed forward a host of anxious penmen, desirous to secure within its treasured realms a carcanet of matchless elegance, wherein to store the product of their waking dreams. As soon, however, as we determined to postpone the *Aurora*, we bundled their various contributions into sundry empty cigar boxes, and labelled them,

The Aurora MSS.

One of these, consisting chiefly of poetry, we destine to examine as a fitting offering to the rising maga.

THE POET'S DAY.

BY HENRY WELLINGTON STARR.

[For the outline, and many of the expressions in the following fragment, the writer is indebted to an article entitled “Unwritten Poetry,” in an American work, *The Legendary*.]

It is a day of rest, a sabbath morn;—
And yonder sun, bright monarch of the sky,
Wakes nature into life, as if 'twere born
With living glories that could never die.

The birds lift up their matin song on high ;
And the white fleecy clouds illumined seem,
Like heaven-bound homes of rest, that, fleeting by,
Bedeck the field of azure, whence they gleam
Like distant sails upon a sunlit stream.

The dew is slowly rising, and the breeze
Is redolent with odour, which the flowers
Pour forth from their abundance ; and the trees—
Glittering with dewy gems—the freshening showers
Soft nature weeps in midnight's secret hours,
Are waving 'neath her morning sighs : the glade,
Protected from the sun by thick-leaved bowers,
Yields a wide canopy of welcome shade,
The sweetest to the heart even Nature ever made.

But time doth change the heart. In earlier days,
These well-known scenes—like some familiar face
All grateful to the soul—awoke my praise,
And stamped the memory with so deep a trace,
That time nor sorrow could its print efface :
Thus do they waken now wild thoughts that glow
With memory's beauty and their own ; embrace
All nature in their compass ; and which bow
The heart to worship whilst they bend it low.

The spirit's vision seems to be unsealed ;
Things that of old were all familiar, seem
To have been clothed in beauty, and revealed
In glory most surpassing ;—like the gleam
Of heaven in some enthusiast's wildest dream.
Nor is this all : in youth the heart was steeled
Into indifference ; but now a stream
Of never-ending glories keeps awake
The wild enthusiastic thoughts that break

Upon the air in numbers. Thus the morn,
Unruffled and serene ;—the dull, cold gray,
Uprising like a veil ;—the vapours born
With night's cold shadows vanishing away,
And then behold the glorious orb of day
Rising in majesty—the early dawn,*
And silver night mists melted by its ray,
With distant violet tints, that seem to fade
To nothing in the sky, so beautiful the shade.

All is serene ; and even so the mind ;
The senses rest collected in their seat ;
The soul's sensations perfectly defined,
Life's pulses moving with a placid beat ;
The reason lies awake in its retreat ;
The very throbbings of the heart resigned
To beautiful repose : as if 'twere meet
At such an hour to bow to God the knee,
While the mind is from life's wild fevers free.

There is a hush at noon :—you feel the din
Of the world's phantasies a sort of jest ;
You mingle in its wilderness of sin,
And turn away distracted, seeking rest.

* This is a cockney rhyme. But *n'importe*.—ED.

Our Cigar Box.

Is not the spirit then supremely blest,
 Watching the blue the sky is robed in,
 'Neath a tree's shadow? Is not this the best
 To suit the hour's emergency, which throws
 A yearning o'er the spirit for repose?

The day wears on:—the sun sets o'er the hills;
 The trees, the fields, the flowers alike are seen
 Bathed in a dew of gold; the gurgling rills,
 Dripping from mountain sources, deck the scene
 With streams of living light; the air serene
 Seems melted by the hour, and scarcely fills
 The zephyr fans of nature: then the queen
 Of Night peeps from her shelter, and the hour
 Seems the imagination to o'erpower.

The sun is gone;—and every fleeting cloud
 Is gilded with his glory: the warm hue
 Seems every living object to enshroud,
 And the clouds seem to drop a golden dew;—
 But their pomps quickly fade,—and then the few
 Deep clouds are purple-clad, or else embrowed
 With rims of burnished argent; then ensue
 In the far west, small starts of burning light,
 Like meteors of another world, so beautiful, so bright.

Twilight succeeds:—the tall, outspreading trees
 Seem piercing far into the molten sky;
 The water's edge is ruffled by a breeze,
 And scarce a sound is echoed from on high.
 The spirit seems so light that it would fly
 Into that world of glory where all these
 Magnificently gorgeous visions die—
 And the heart seems impelled to follow on,
 With joyousness elate:—a moment, and 'tis gone!

Night, starry, panoplied, and blue, comes on!
 Myriads of worlds appear like distant gems;
 Some feebly twinkling—others, bright—outshone
 By those that burn, as in the diadems
 Of God's archangels:—then, wild feeling stems
 The current of the blood, that, on and on,
 In their fixed orbit, any law condemns
 So many worlds to wander—ages spent,
 Tracking their course across the firmament.

Then, as you gaze you feel a silent awe
 Steal in upon the spirit, and the mind
 Trembles at imaging the eternal law
 That guides them in their course, as if designed
 Man's knowledge with a thicker veil to blind:
 You fancy music as they go and draw
 Your senses after them, and haply find
 The visions of old time and occult art
 Come o'er the spirit with a sudden start.

You drink the mysteries of that silent page;
 Believe your lot and destiny may be
 Woven in spheres so burning: they engage
 Your spirit in wild dreams of ecstasy;

You seem to travel in their company ;
 And then you ponder on the bygone age,
 Nor wonder at your sire's astrology ;
 For you now feel all separate from earth,
 Nor commune with a world where you had birth.

Thus tranquilly in thought we end the day,
 With purpose elevated, mind refreshed.
 The morning brought its impulses to pray ;
 The noontide languour its own wished-for rest :
 Evening awakes new feelings in the breast.—
 And when the world's bright pomps are passed away,
 We sink down into nature, and are blest
 With being purified to seek repose,—
 Praying to HIM who brought us to its close !

Very good. This *morceau* exactly illustrates what we have said concerning poetry : if ever the blush of rosy morn, or the golden hues of sunset, were painted out in words, they are pictured here. Our correspondent, indeed, seems to have felt like Wordsworth, where he says,—

——“ For I have learned
 To look on nature, not as in the hour
 Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
 The still, sad music of humanity,
 Not harsh, nor grating, though of ample power
 To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
 A presence that disturbs me with the joy
 Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean, and the living air,
 And the blue sky.”

We confess that we could never be deaf to the voice of nature when breathed out in prose ; but there is something far more beautiful when that voice is linked to song. It seems to awaken some secret sympathy that lies too deeply seated for the duller touch of prose ; the musical cadence falls deeper, and the rhyme, sufficient only for musical effect, keeps the scene longer before the mind's eye, and, as it were, more united. Here is another gem from the same hand :—

WRITTEN UPON ENTERING THE UNIVERSITY.

[JULII 7MO. 18—.]

LORD ! I have sworn, and in thy awful sight,
 To dedicate my future years to Thee.
 Illume my spirit with thy holy light,
 So only thy disciple can I be.

Teach me to curb the weaknesses of man ;
 Teach me to guide the passions of the heart ;
 Teach me my littleness of mind to scan :
 For thou, O God ! my soul's Creator art.

Teach me to yield in everything to Thee :—
 And when life's shadows do my path o'ercloud,
 Do thou, O God ! my soul's bright lantern be :
 For Thou art light when darkness doth enshroud,

Teach me to come to Thee in silent prayer;
 Teach me to hope for Thy celestial love:
 That when I leave this world of grief and care,
 I shall but enter on the realms above!

Aula Magd.

H. W. S.

Poetry like this, breathed out in the meek simplicity of humble trust,
 awakened by religion, and united with it in one beatific union,

"Breathes a calm stillness o'er the secret soul."

Poetry and religion! how sweet their influence, how wonderful their power! The one lays the heart open to the sterner truths of religion; and by religion the heart is taught to appreciate the purity that ought always to accompany the mind. When we look over these emanations from the minds of others, memory, "lightning winged," flies back to the hours when we, too, were sojourning

"Where Isis rolls her unpolluted stream."

Again we are wandering amid that city of palaces; again poring over the deep mysteries of some classic page; again,

"Burning with high hope,"

or urged onward in the race for "honours," with all the ardent impetus of youth. Yes, Oxford! "seat of learning and loyalty," slandered as thou art by the malignant venom of the meanest hinds that ever handled pen, "thy pure and brilliant lamp shall defy the breath of a thousand churls," backed though they be by the basest passions that ever desecrated or defaced humanity. Yes, *Alma Mater*! gentle parent of learning and religion—such was the language of the mighty Wizard of the North, when speaking of thy classic shades;—and bravely wilt thou prove them. Yes, amidst the cloistered repose of those long renowned and venerable retreats, how many a proud spirit is now seeking deeply in the mines of ancient thought! How many a gentle youth, ennobled by intellect, is searching through the godlike language that Homer and Pindar sang—that Plato and Demosthenes spoke!* Yea, truly, many a mind is created there to lead

———"The minds of other men;
 The enlightener of nations."

Let us proceed with our next paper.

* We need hardly inform our readers, that sundry articles, under the titles of V——t E——n and P——r P——s, in contemporary magazines, are not much calculated to aid any insight into private life at the university. Of all the characters yet introduced, not one is likely to give the reader the most distant view of the ordinary pursuits and occupations of the Oxonian. We should not have mentioned this, but that we know much misconception prevails in consequence of these injudicious articles. The exception is too often taken for the rule: it is so in this case.

A FRESHMAN'S FANCIES.

No. I.

THE VOICE OF HOME.

I HEAR it now!—that voice of home,
With other forms and scenes around me :
Far, far from Auburn's vale I roam,
Yet ne'er forget the ties that bound me
To home, dear home!

'Twas but a cottage neat and plain :—
And o'er its front were flowers entwined :
I see it now ; I hear the strain
So deeply in the heart enshrined—
That voice of home!

Perchance these eyes again shall see
That village cot, that woodland vale,
And those old friends :—but ah ! to me
Hope ever told a flattering tale
Of home, dear home!

Those hours, alas ! may never come ;
The star of hope may never rise ;
Nor childhood's visions ever bloom,
To glad the heart and dim the eyes :
Till from the dark and silent tomb
With those we love again we rise ;
And, having passed this earthly gloom,
Beyond the grave, beyond the skies,
We find a home
In HEAVEN !

No. II.

AS DROOPS THE ROSE.

As droops the rose, that only blooms to fade —
Pour forth its cherished sweets, and quickly die ;
So pines the heart, when love's fond hopes betrayed,
O'ercloud the youthful maiden's sunlit sky.

But ah ! new seasons hasten quickly round ;
New roses bloom to glad the expectant eye ;
Hope's bright and radiant phantoms smile again,
As soon to fade—alas ! as soon to die !

Lady, if ever thy fond youth has known
The pang-rent heart, the anxious, aching brow,
The throb of anguished feeling—why bemoan ?
The roses bloom again—and so wilt thou.

Be it, then, thy care, as lustres onward roll,
And bear forth flowers and beauty to the tomb,
That, when life's autumn fills the grave, thy soul
In heaven's eternal spring may brightly bloom.

No. III.

Addressed to a Friend whose Lyrics partake too strongly of the sentiments of Anacreon.

O STRIKE not the lyre with a passionate strain !
 For my heart has long felt that such follies are vain ;
 But if ever inspired to awaken its chords,
 Take a nobler theme than your transient regards :
 For Love wears a wreath that must soon fade away ;
 Youth, beauty, and pleasure, all quickly decay.

Then strike not the lyre with a passionate strain,
 But sing me a song that the heart shall retain ;
 That shall rest in the soul till long years are gone by,
 When memory shall turn to the page with a sigh ;
 That shall breathe of the friendship that once was our own,
 When youth and its pleasures for ever are flown.

O let it for ever in silence remain,
 Till the wild fitful fancies of youth are gone by,
 And the glimpses of beauty that wakened the strain
 Are flown from this world to a brighter on high :
 Then, then strike the lyre—to no passionate tone,
 But one that affection shall claim as her own.

Strike the harp of your country—a patriot's song,
 That the full tide of feeling shall never let die ;
 That shall waken men's souls as it bears them along,
 With noble emotions, like gleams from the sky.
 Let this be your theme—no record of love,
 But a strain fit for seraphs in regions above.

* * *

Not much amiss for a freshman—rather in the style of sweet Simonides, whose muse, perchance, the freshman has been wooing.

One cigar more—'tis only our tenth, and we do credit to the Virginian weed. Bah, freshman ! how that *Voice of Home* rings in our ears ! We have tasted somewhat of the world's ambition—quelled the wildfire of youthful blood, with all that people sigh for ; we have trodden the seats of learning, basked in the smiles of beauty, traversed the fairest scenes of nature's earth ; and yet, midst all, have sighed for home. Yes, humble as it was, there were faces round that lonely hearth that smiled for *us* as never others smiled ; some gentle voices, sweeter in their tones than e'en the flattery of kings ; some who loved us with a love

"Surpassing show."

Back, memory, to thy rest ! Banish the dreams called into life beneath thy magic spell—the past is "*all a dream.*"

Twelve—"witching hour of night"—how sweetly sounds the distant chime when all the world is hushed ! Twelve—and here are twelve gems :—

SCRAPS FROM THE EASTERN POETS.

"Orient pearls at random strung."

1. *Hafiz.*

O BANISH thought ! or change the theme,
 And think of beauty, think of wine ;
 Think of the flowers that round us bloom,
 And look on life as some gay dream,

Where love and joy thy thoughts confine ;
Nor seek to pierce the hallowed gloom
That veils that future fate of thine.

2. *Saadi.*

One said to a poet entranced in thought,
"From the garden of dreams what wealth have you brought?"
And thus he replied :—"I went to the rose,
And sought to fill my lap with flowers ;
But the odour o'er my senses rose,
And thus without *one* I returned from its bowers."

3. *Mihifi.*

Be gay, be gay ! the flowers of spring
Are blooming now, and soon must fade ;
Be gay, for time is on the wing,
And death will soon our joys invade.

4. *Hafiz.*

"O call for wine, and scatter flowers!"
Thus spoke the bulbul to its mate :
"Be gay, enjoy life's fleeting hours :
Sweet Rose, what more wouldst thou from Fate?"

5. *Saadi.*

Since good and bad alike must die,
And wealth and beauty none can save,
How happy are the few who try
To carry virtue to the grave.

6. *Hafiz.*

In this deceitful age of mine,
The heart for something certain longs :
The truest friends are flasks of wine,
And looks of love compiled in songs.

7. *Saadi.*

As the poet reclined in the bath one day,
He received from a friend some perfumed clay ;
And he said, "Art thou musk, or a compound of flowers?—
I am charmed with the odour that over me pours."
And it answered him thus :—"The fragrance flows
Because I dwelt for a time with the rose :
And the virtue acquired remains to this day,
Or else I were still but the worthless clay."

8. *Hafiz.*

Come, bring thy couch to the garden of roses,
And here kiss the cheeks of thy beautiful slave ;
Quaff wine midst the odours each blossom discloses,
For pleasures like these are all lost in the grave.

9. *Saadi.*

When death awaits you, why bemoan
The station where your end is found?—
What matters it if on a throne
You meet your end, or on the ground?

10. *Hafiz.*

The rose would have told of the beauty and grace
That beamed upon her from my charmer's face ;
But the gale it was jealous, and ere she could speak,
Bore the rose's breath to my Leila's cheek.

11. *Saadi.*

He that is only drunk with wine,
May hope to be himself again ;
But he that kneels at beauty's shrine,
And quaffs deep draughts of love divine
From *her* who bears the cup, in vain
Will seek his scattered sense to gain :
For death alone can free the heart
From Love's intoxicating smart.

12. *Saadi.*

In sooth, I could not rightly tell
Whether the fragrant breath I felt
Was dew of roses ; for a spell
Came o'er my senses whilst I knelt.
Perchance, that in the honeyed draught
She proffered me, she had infused
Some of the bloom from off her cheek ;
For when a moment I had quaff'd
The nectar, I became confused,
And only of my love could speak.

A round dozen, and gems all. According to our poetic theory, a facile clue is afforded for that luxuriance of imagery which is found in oriental works of poetry and fiction : the poets of the east are surrounded by natural objects of a higher description of beauty than those of a colder clime ; hence, the *reality* of the one equals the *ideality* of the other. And if poetry be, as we assert it is, "a progression from fact to fiction—from real to ideal—from created to creation"—then eastern poetry must of necessity be more gorgeously luxuriant than that of any other portion of the globe, in the exact proportion that natural beauty in the wildest sublimity of uncontrolled and unregulated grandeur, surpasses the "perpetuos imeres" of the hills of Albion.

Another cigar, and that completes our dozen. But stay—Sappho ! Yes, as we live ! tearing a piece of Balaam to light our cigar, we unwittingly tore a paper marked with that witching name. Who is there, not absolutely savage, that has not read her lofty burst of elevated passion, that for some five-and-twenty centuries has been imitated and admired ? Who has not read, nay, almost learned Sappho ? We admire some things in their perfection ; others, in their decay. Youth and beauty are examples of one admiration ; the Stilton on our side-board of the other. How few can we regard in fragment ?—and yet Sappho blooms amid a few frail relics, which are still read and still admired, endowed, as it were, with some inherent vitality, that, like the zoophyte of the ocean, each severed limb retains the energies and the beauty of the original. The fragments of the Lesbian songstress gleam in every word, and reveal the undying beauty of that ideal perfection whose meanest fragment retains the stamp of immortality. Yes ! long

as passion animates the human breast, the lyre that erst awoke the echoes of the bluff Ægean will still find worshippers !

In the wild tone of passion our contributor indites a

SAPPHIC SONG.

O TEMPT me not with sparkling wine !

I am already drunk with joy ;

And nectar, though it be divine,

Must still the senses cloy.

Then, wouldst thou tempt the soul with bliss,

O, bid me love !

Tempt me no more with glittering state ;

'Twere joyless if not shared by thee :

Can pomp or splendour elevate

Like love's enrapt idolatry ?

Then, wouldst thou have me hope for bliss,

O, bid me love !

Tempt me no more with hopes of heaven :

In sooth, I would not happier be :

One hour of love alone would leaven

Life's longest spell of misery !

Then, wouldst thou have me think of heaven,

O, bid me love !

What is that love ?—Nay, do not ask,

But read thine heart : its lines will prove,

Words are at best an idle task

When love is heaven, and heaven is love !

Then, wouldst thou have me drink of bliss,

O, bid me love !

How weak and nerveless this, compared with the strains of the Mytilenian maid ! We ourselves intend before long to perpetrate a series of articles on the *Lady Poets of Ancient Greece*, beginning with this Sappho and her strains of love. Love, rash youth ! Pause ere thou venture on that fatal stream. One line, too, the sweetest in thy skreed, is stolen from Scott : he hath long told us that

“ Love is heaven, and heaven is love ! ”

Mais n'importe ; poetry and priggish were both under the auspices of Mercury.

What is that love ? Were we a poet, we would answer thee ; but now, visions of nightcaps flit around our twinkling taper, and Phœbus, too, drives his morning ray through the crevice of our curtains. The sun,

“ With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean brim,
Shoots parallel to th' earth his dewy ray.”

Shall we answer him ? Yes. Marion Leslie, thou hast taught us the wild pangs of that delirious passion : at thy shrine, sweet beauty, shall we lay our song. Muse of the North, awake thy silent lyre, and in a strain of Moore-ish melody, let us assume the plectrum, and breathe to listening myriads

WHAT IS LOVE ?

O 'TWERE vain to desire e'en a poet to sing

About passions or feelings inspired from above ;

For his heart is the first to be pierced in the wing,

When an arrow is thrown from the quiver of love !

Yes, it comes like a lightning-flash hot from the sky,
And at once lays the victim a prey to the blow ;
And if ever he wakens, it is but to sigh
That a shaft so divine could have laid him so low !

Then ask not the bard to write verses in vain,
For vain must they be if they seek to disclose
The nature of love ; for its nature is plain.
'Tis the source of our sweets, the alloy to our woes :
'Tis the bright gushing fountain of life's dearest joys ;
'Tis a sun-illumed mirror, that dazzles the eyes
Like a meteor at night : 'tis a sweetness that cloyes,
Like the honey of Hybla, though food for the skies.

'Tis love that, unseen, by its feelings can tell
The presence of one that its passion inspires ;
As if on the air some mystical spell
Bore from soul unto soul the perfume of its fires :
Or as if there were breathed from a loved one's heart,
Some ray of enchantment in luminous waves,
Beaming bright and serene on life's holier part,
Yet witnessed alone by the heart it enslaves.

Then wake not the muse from her silence in vain ;
For though Venus herself might awaken the lute,
If love could not breathe a more exquisite strain
Than verses like these, the lyre would be mute.
For to speak of love's raptures, its hopes, and its fears,
Its ecstatic illusions, its feelings to scan,
One must borrow from Eden, and chasten with tears,
The lyre of a seraph, the heart of a man.

No, tempt not the bard to write songs about love ;
For with themes so impassioned his lyre is unstrung ;
And he still would fain cherish those gleams from above,
That, like Judah's old harps, long neglected have hung.
The wings of the muse must be clipt if she fly
To themes of mere passion or sensual delight ;
Lest, mothlike, she hovering around the flame, die,
When seeking alone to be bathed in the light.

Many a gem lies buried yet in the far depths of *Our Cigar Box* ; yet,
with your pleasure, gentles all, good night ! ARTHUR WADHAM.

GRANDIER ; OR, THE VICTIM OF RICHELIEU.

BY C. DENT.

SUNDAY, the 16th of May, 1640, was as bright a day as ever shone out of heaven. As the different clocks of Loudun struck the hour of one, the Cathedral service being ended, the people poured forth into the streets, which seemed all too small to contain the assembled multitudes. Not only the population of the town itself, but that of many a neighbouring village, seemed to have congregated within the sacred building ; the clumsy gaits, broad-leafed hats, and coarse

blouses, rendering it easy to distinguish the peasantry from the more refined inhabitants of the city. It was known that Urbain Grandier, who seldom now went beyond the walls of the Ursuline Convent, was to preach; and to this knowledge was owing the unusually large congregation present at the morning's service. All ranks and classes, from the ignorant but conceited lordling, so hard to please, and the studious man of learning, so alive to beauties and defects, down to the unlettered boor; all had looked forward with eagerness to the discourse of Grandier, whose fame, long established in his native town, was spreading rapidly beyond it. The frivolous listened to him because there was a novelty in his style, which served agreeably to wile away one of the many tedious hours that in a dull provincial town weighed so heavy on their hands. The enlightened heard with joy the sentiments of liberal and elevated piety, which, clothed in the richest eloquence, flowed in a pure and generous stream from the lips of the young divine. They hailed his doctrine as the day-star of religious tolerance, whose mild rays would clear away the night of darkness and bigotry that had so long spread itself between the people and truth. The ignorant flocked to hear him, because he addressed them in terms they had never heard before; because he taught them that religion was given us not for a scourge, but for a blessing; and many a rude heart was softened—many an enslaved and degraded mind awoke to a sense of its own dignity, as the priest, with his musical voice and fervid manner, prayed for their enlightenment here and happiness hereafter.

In one of the smaller apartments of the Palais Cardinal, reclining in what was then considered the most luxurious of arm chairs, lay an old man, clad in a sumptuous wrapper of crimson velvet, edged with a costly fur. His countenance was pale, his cheek deeply lined, apparently as much from suffering as age; but bodily anguish had been unable to quench the fire of the dark grey eye, which shone with singular lustre, or to depose the mighty spirit that sat upon the broad high brow as on a throne of sovereignty. His attitude betrayed the languor of illness, and an occasional convulsive movement in the muscles of the face indicated acute pain; but the clear and commanding intellect, the energy and determination evinced in every word and look, showed a mind that no suffering could weaken or cloud for an instant. One jewelled hand, so small and delicate it would have well become a woman, lay on the arm of the chair; the other caressed a superb tortoiseshell cat, that lay ensconced among the velvet and fur of its master's drapery. A beautiful boy, of six years' old, sat on a costly footstool of purple velvet, wrought in gold, employed in rubbing the swollen feet that rested on his knees. A small table stood beside the old man, on which were writing materials, a golden hand-bell, a precious vase, of antique shape, filled with flowers, and an open volume of Machiavelli. The room was lighted by a richly stained window, the brightness of the tints being softened by the shade of the drapery that surrounded it: it was now partially thrown open to admit the summer air. A Persian carpet covered the floor—an article of luxury rare indeed at

that period in France. Book-cases, of curious workmanship, lined the walls, separated by noble specimens of the sculptor's art, brought at an enormous expense from Italy. Among the valuable works contained in these splendid cases were to be seen, all the best written political histories of the modern states of Europe. But (apart from its living furniture), what would perhaps detain the observer longer than any thing else in that room, could he see it now precisely as it was at the moment in which we are describing it, was a table in the centre, covered with pamphlets, satires, letters, and dedications; he would sigh to find genius, in order to obtain bread, forced to crouch at the feet of power; smile at the affected magnanimity which pretended to derive pleasure from reading the numerous works, of every description, written against him, which daily saw the light; while the result to the reckless author, or *supposed* author, frequently showed how far from generous were the real feelings of their subjects; and he would derive no small share of amusement from the perusal of many a billet-doux, which found place among matters of a far different nature. The reader needs not to be told that the occupier of this pleasant chamber was no other than the master-spirit of his time—the inscrutable, indomitable Richelieu—the man who, at this time, seldom seen, was every where *felt*—who, though frequently confined to a sick couch for a considerable period of time, regulated, as if by magical influence, the entire machinery of the government—whose spirit seemed so all-pervading, that the oppressed even in the remotest corner of the kingdom, never uttered the fearful name of the Cardinal-Duke but with trembling, casting many a furtive look around, as though they feared he were close at hand to hear the treasonable words that escaped their lips; and which they well knew, if he *did* hear, they would be doomed to expiate by the severest punishment.

“So, Stanislas, you love Madme. de la Meilleraie?”

“Indeed I do; I love her very much. Did I shew you the bouboniere she gave me?” answered the child, his fair face radiant with animation and joy, while, as he spoke, he drew from his blue satin vest an exquisitely-wrought gold box, studded with small but brilliant gems. “A beauteous toy indeed, and chosen with her usual taste!” answered the Cardinal, as he examined the gift; then laying his hand on the boy's silken hair, which hung in long bright curls over his shoulders, he bent forward, and smilingly scanned the fair face before him. He looked as though a map of that young creature's fortunes lay spread before him, which “he who ran might read;” and it required no great stretch of the imagination to fancy him with his lofty brow, and fiery glance, and pallid cheek, and mystic-looking robe—some aged seer, to whom the future was familiar as the past. A strange cold smile, yet full of meaning, parted his firm lips as he said: “Receiving bribes already; have a care for thy honour, boy. Honour”—he repeated in a sarcastic tone, as he resumed his former attitude. “How many interpretations are given to the same word, and each makes war upon the party who gives it another meaning than their own.” This was put an end to by the entrance of the well-known Capuchin Joseph de Clere: one

of the many base tools employed by the Cardinal ; because, to use his own expression, they were so "steeped in crime," they hesitated at performing nothing their revengeful nature or ambitious aims might devise. These agents made but one stipulation—that they should be well paid for their services ; and upon this score none had reason to complain of Arnaud du Plessis.

Father Joseph advanced with timid step and humble gait to the chair occupied by the Cardinal ; and on seeing him the countenance of Richelieu exhibited a look of disgust, as though some loathsome object had met his eye. He had suffered greatly during the morning, and had intended enjoying a few hours of repose undisturbed by business of any kind. Already had the society of the fair child at his feet soothed and shed its purifying influence around him. The caresses of the boy had ever power to awaken his better nature ; and he loved him the more for making him feel he possessed other qualities besides selfishness and ambition. At such a moment it was particularly distasteful to see before him one so intimately associated with all that he would just then have willingly dismissed from his remembrance ; and therefore it was that he did not even attempt to conceal the annoyance caused him by the monk's presence ; for he took care to have his instruments so completely in his power as to be under no dread of their resentment. But Father Joseph, or, as he was deridingly called, "L'Eminence Grise," could play his part as well as his master ; and though he well knew how to interpret the countenance before him, he now affected to read it in a meaning very different from that which he knew to be the real one. "Alas ! Monseigneur," he said in a doleful voice, "I grieve to find that the assertions of your enemies are not, as I had hoped, void of foundation." The wily monk's speech showed his skill for diplomacy. "What assertions—what is it they say, Joseph ?" asked Richelieu, while languor gave place to energy, disgust to irritation. "Now Heaven be praised !" replied the monk, affecting to look on the minister with delight and admiration, "Now Heaven be praised ! their boastings are for nought. The Abbé de Gondi has been telling every one that your eminence is at the last extremity ; and Monseigneur of Orleans has met the king in the Queen's apartments ; since which, as I have heard from one of our own people, Louis has taken upon himself a tone of authority, and again spoken of recalling the Queen-mother." Richelieu had listened with a varying countenance to this recital of his emissary. Contempt and indignation by turns flashed from his eyes, and lurked about his mouth ; but when he spoke it was as one who feels his own power to be irresistible whensoever he shall choose to put it forth. All symptoms of debility seemed to have left him, and he prepared to enter with all his energies into the intricate labyrinths of policy he had woven with such exceeding skill. But first he kissed the fair forehead of the child and dismissed him ; and as he watched the graceful form of the boy quitting the room, he sighed and looked regretfully, as if he felt that his better and nobler part departed with him. If such was the case, however, the feeling was but momentary, and no sooner had the door closed than

the man and his emotions were lost in the politician and his schemes. "With respect to Gaston of Orleans," he said, "one word of mine is enough to settle him. He can talk loud, but dares not act. As to the Queen-mother, she shall *never* put foot in France; large as it is, it contains not space enough for her and Richelieu. And the interest of the country requires that I should not even suffer Louis to choose between his mother and his minister. He must be made to feel without delay that I am his master." "Your eminence could not light upon a more favourable moment for doing so than the present," replied the monk. "The proceedings against Urbain Grandier have been conducted with such negligence hitherto, that he pays no attention to them, and his mother has applied to the king, and interested him in her son's favour." "'Tis well," answered the cardinal, while a look of almost diabolical malice lit up his eye; "So," he continued, "Louis dares to promise support to my enemy—his trial shall be proceeded with immediately. Collect the evidence we want; find the sufficient number of witnesses (you know how to do both); send down Lanbardemont, as president; ere the world be a month older he shall have atoned with his life for the insults he has offered to religion and to me." "He is to die?" asked father Joseph, with as much coolness as if the question had been totally unconnected with human life. "See that he escape not," answered Richelieu, "he is too energetic to be suffered to exist, with such false notions as he has imbibed; he inclines to protestantism too, as is manifest by his writing against the celibacy of the priesthood. Such scandals must be put a stop to." And the minister now spoke as though he would fain persuade himself and his auditor that the interests of religion solely influenced him, and not his vindictiveness.

* * * *

The sun was high in the heavens; and as his rays fell on the streets of Loudun, they lit up a scene of bustle and excitement very unusual within that retired and quiet city. The entire population seemed to have quitted their habitations, and were pouring towards the same point, which was a long low building attached to the cathedral, designed for a chapter-house, but occasionally used for other purposes. It was now fitted up as a hall of justice; and never was that sacred quality more deliberately or outrageously profaned. Urbain Grandier was about to be tried for sorcery by judges predetermined to condemn him. Hosts of perjured witnesses were there, well tutored in their respective lessons; and so confident were his enemies of the result, that, by way of impressing the people with the fairness of their proceedings, and, at the same time, to inspire them with awe of their authority, they had proclaimed that the trial should be a public one: and it was to assist at it that the townspeople were all astir. Mingling with the crowd, was many an agent of Lanbardemont, the president of this infamous tribunal; and the sentiments freely spoken on all sides which met their ears, made them doubt the wisdom and policy of throwing open the doors to the public. The hall was filled to suffocation, many who could not find standing room climbing to the tops of

the pillars that supported the roof, and making seats for themselves of the projecting ornaments belonging to their florid style of architecture. The very cornice and roof itself were put in requisition, and many a living countenance was to be seen beside the grotesque heads which form so frequent and incongruous embellishments (for such, I suppose, they are intended to be) of buildings destined to religious purposes. Still, crowded as was the hall, hundreds remained on the outside, compelled to be satisfied with what they could see or hear through the windows, which, owing to the heat of the weather, and number of persons, were obliged to be kept open. But interest in the accused formed so strong a bond of sympathy between his townsmen, that those within the building were as anxious to communicate, as those without were eager to hear, how the trial went on. After a time, the noise and commotion attendant on the assembling of such a multitude subsided, and there was something fearful in the death-like silence that succeeded : it seemed like the treacherous calmness of the ocean, while the dark clouds above tell of the coming storm that shall lash the waves into relentless fury. The stillness was so great that even to the extreme verge of the crowd, though the words were indistinct, the voice of the clerk of arraigns was audible as, from the farther extremity of the hall, he read the crimes of which the priest was accused. The perusal of that document makes one ask in astonishment, how it was that the higher and more enlightened classes suffered the continuance of so impious and tyrannical a system as was then pursued under the name of religion ? The voice ceased, and a man, seated on the ledge of one of the windows, leant out, and spoke to a group beneath. "He is accused of dealing in the black art," said the speaker, "and of having possessed six of the Ursuline nuns with the devil ; which nuns it was most difficult to exorcise, the spirits by which they were possessed being of a particularly malignant and obstinate character. But stay, one of the witnesses is going to give his evidence." And the man turned away, stretching forth his head so as to catch all that was going forward. What they had heard, however, was communicated by those beneath the window to their remoter companions ; and the men might each be seen to grasp with a firmer hold the stout stick which none were without, while the women burst into loud and furious invective against the judges.

Again there was a profound silence, while all anxiously waited to know by what evidence the accusations would be supported ; and their indignation was increased as the base and lying inventions sworn to by the witnesses were repeated to them by their friend in the window.

After a time, a strange tumult arose within the building. Cries of "It shall not be !" "We will not suffer it !" were heard by those without ; while he who had communicated all that passed, as he sprang from his seat brandishing his club, shouted to the crowd in the street, "They are carrying him off to torture ; break down the doors !" A scene of confusion ensued impossible to describe. The shrieks of women, who, bruised and trodden on, would not retire ;

smashing of windows ; bursting in of doors, and, loud above all, imprecations on the judges, witnesses, and the minister himself (for they knew him to be the real instigator of the business, and for once they gave vent to their feelings without a thought of the consequences). As if to encourage each other, and with the levity so peculiar to their country, amid other and more fearful expressions, might frequently be heard the cry,

“ A bas, a bas !
Les amis du vieux chat,”

in allusion to the name so frequently bestowed upon the cardinal. But those who conducted this odious trial had taken their measures too well to fear defeat from the people ; and on the first demonstration of popular feeling, those agents of the judges, of whom, as has been already stated, there were many among the crowd, withdrew to procure what they knew to be efficient means for quelling the disturbance. The people, however, unconscious of the enemy's operations, continued their own ; but found, to their great dismay, that the judges and officials had succeeded in conveying Grandier to the small room beyond the hall ; in which the question was to be applied, and on the door of which they found it impossible to make any impression. There were no windows ; it was lighted from above, probably as a precaution against proceedings like the present ; and the side next the street presented one unbroken mass of solid masonry. Still the people would not despair. Determined as indignant, they resolved on endeavouring to make a breach in the wall itself ; while those who remained battering the door in the hope that it would at length yield to their blows, stimulated the efforts of all by announcing that they already heard the stifled groans of the priest. They might, perhaps, have accomplished their task, (for courage and resolution will achieve wonders) ; but intent only on what they had undertaken, they heard or heeded not the sound of a hundred hoofs that came clattering down the deserted streets, nor did they cease their fruitless work till the military, clashing in among them, made some prisoners, dispersed the rest, and trampled under foot such as ventured to oppose their passage. They were, indeed, far from nice in the means they adopted to put down the disturbance ; but they succeeded in doing so : and what recked Lanbarmont and his crew that their triumph was purchased with the blood of the aged and the honest ?

The soldiery now poured into the streets in almost countless numbers, and, drawing up, formed a double line on each side, from the cathedral to the square in the centre of the town. Round this, again, horse soldiers and foot were thickly planted ; while carts and waggons of every description formed an outer ring to offer still farther impediment to any attempt at an irruption on the part of the people.

It was late in the day when the cathedral doors were thrown open, and a procession issued forth which, but for the object it involved being one of so great wickedness, might have been termed ludicrous. Numbers of flags were borne by different members of

the train ; some representing scenes in purgatory ; but the favourite device seemed to be the fathers of the inquisition chaining down the evil one, who was represented under the form of a frightful but unknown beast, with horns, tail, and forked tongue, of truly admirable dimensions. Penitents, too, as they were called, formed a large portion of the procession. There were black penitents and grey penitents ; penitents with masks, and barefaced penitents ; unshod penitents, and penitents who patronised the cordwainer. But these passed unnoticed, or excited only a casual remark not much in favour of their contrition or sincerity, all eyes straining forward to catch a sight of the victim of persecution and injustice. As they beheld him they so loved and venerated, groans and exclamations of the deepest sympathy burst from the people : it was, indeed, fearful to see in how short a time suffering had done far more than the work of years. He was dressed in a long loose robe of sulphur-coloured serge. In his wounded hands he was made to bear the penitential candle ; and so mutilated were his limbs, so exhausted was his frame, that he was obliged to be supported by two ecclesiastics, who, in a canting tone sufficiently loud for the people to hear, exhorted him to contrition and confession. But though Urbain Grandier betrayed no impatience, it was evident he heeded them not : resignation and magnanimity were stamped upon his countenance ; and though anguish had slightly contracted his noble brow, and the drops of agony and exhaustion coursed over his pallid cheek, he kept his eyes steadily fixed on the ground, unwilling even by a look to seem to appeal to the people, whom he knew to be in his favour, deeming it far better to submit to death than owe his deliverance to a struggle which must have cost the lives of many engaged in it. The sounds of sorrow and sympathy came upon his ear, but he swerved not from his resolution, and continued silently to pray for strength and consolation to that Being who alone can afford it to the object of unjust persecution. But the exclamations of the townspeople had struck other ears than those of the victim ; and as the judges heard them, they gave a significant look to the soldiers, who, in their turn, glanced fiercely in among the people ; and these, remembering the scene of the morning, and loving existence as all men do, moderated their voices ; and the procession moved on its way without interruption. It reached the square, and the soldiers formed an opening to give it passage, but closed up again the moment it had entered. In the centre of the open space was a pile of faggots thickly strewn and intermixed with pitch and other combustible materials. As it drew near the termination of its journey, the procession hurried its movements, fearful, perhaps, of some fresh demonstration on the part of the people. Arrived at the foot of the pile, Lanbardemont, reassured by the security of his position, turning to the accused, said, in a loud voice, "Wilt thou now confess and implore pardon for thy crimes?"

"The crimes of which I, in common with all men, am guilty, I have already confessed to that God who alone can absolve me from their guilt, and who knows my innocence of the foul charges thou

and thine have brought against me," replied Grandier in a low but distinct voice.

"Kiss this crucifix, then, and I will believe thee," said his tormentor : "those of whom the evil spirit has possession are unable to do so."

As he spoke, he presented a cross to him, and the condemned man eagerly bent forward to embrace, in those his last moments, the symbol of redemption ; but as his lips met the crucifix, which, designed as an emblem of boundless mercy, had been converted by infernal malice into an instrument of torture, the unhappy man fell back with a shriek of agony into the arms of his supporters.

"Had further evidence been wanting, methinks here is more than sufficient," exclaimed Lanbardemont triumphantly. "Bind him to the stake." His orders were complied with ; but first his victim raised himself, and, with an energy that astonished those who heard him, said aloud, "Lanbardemont, in three years from this day thou wilt stand before the Judgment-seat of God. Haste thee to prepare for that fearful hour !"

Meanwhile, it got whispered among the people that the crucifix was an iron one, which had been made burning hot in one of the charcoal stoves that stood ready for lighting the brands that were to fire the pile ; and even while they were giving vent to their indignation, and debating what was to be done, a masked official proceeded to each corner of the stake, and in the next moment dense clouds of smoke arose, concealing the victim who lay bound upon its summit. The judges looked once more with anxiety towards the people ; but these now stood silent and immovable, as if spell-bound by the sight they gazed upon. At length, one solitary voice shouted "Rescue !" and then the multitude, as if astonished at their previous inertness, made so sudden and determined a rush, that they overthrew the waggons, and forced a way through the soldiers. But it was too late. When they reached the pile, and extinguished the fire, he whom they had thought to save was beyond mortal aid : they gazed on the body of a martyr. The military again interfered ; more blood was spilled ; but the tumult, too late to effect its purpose of rescuing Grandier, enabled the judges to effect their retreat unmolested ; and therefore they looked upon it as a very lucky circumstance.

On reaching the Capuchin monastery, Father Joseph came forward to meet them. "Well?" he said eagerly.

"Nothing could terminate more favourably," replied Lanbardemont, answering his anxious looks. "Grandier is dead ; and the people, who were perfectly quiet when they *might* have saved him, wisely deferring to do so till it was too late, then made a disturbance, which enabled us to retire unobserved. But what are you going to do with his mother?"

"The most fortunate thing imaginable," replied Father Joseph, with a voice and manner perfectly unmoved. "She kept tormenting me to know what was doing with her son ; when, to see if it would make her quiet, I said, 'He is condemned to death.' She

gave one loud shriek, and fell lifeless at my feet." And the worthies rejoiced, and congratulated each other on the ruin they had wrought.

And Father Joseph said to himself, "The adder's nest is crushed; I have removed his most hated enemy from Richelieu's path; he cannot but reward me with the long-promised cardinal's hat." But Richelieu made much the same use of the cardinal's hat in respect to the Capuchin, that he did of the bauble he danced before the eyes of his favourite cat: it made her put forth all her powers, and display all her activity; but the higher she sprang to catch it, the farther he removed it from her reach.

It is a singular fact, that precisely three years from the day on which Urbain Grandier was sacrificed, the victim of hatred and injustice, the judge Lanbardemont *did* meet an untimely and dreadful death.

CENSUS OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE MOST MODERN CONTINENTAL AUTHORS (IN A SERIES OF LETTERS).

LETTER I.

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.

MY DEAR SIR,—You request me from time to time, for our mutual benefit, to forward you the results of my varied and desultory reading. You wish to hear from me the impressions made upon me by the books which fall into my hands, while my mind is yet warm from their reception. In vain do I represent the necessary crudity of all that I utter, while writing under the influence of the most transient circumstances; you say that you would rather hear the result of an immediate feeling, than reap the fruits of a mature deliberation; and would rather listen to the sympathising voice of a fellow-student than hearken to the opinion of a dictator, even though the latter might be much more soundly critical and instructive.

Well, then, without arguing, or resisting, or objecting—to comply with your request. I have just received from Germany a neat little parcel, enclosing a copy of German poems, by Ferdinand Freiligrath. You know that Teutonic lyrics are to me as caviare, or any other delicacy, and will easily conjecture that I devoured the volume with due rapidity. "Ferdinand Freiligrath"—a new name! No one has heard of him on our side the herring-pond in all human probability; and, most likely, the copy I ordered is the only one in her Majesty's dominions. O the luxury of selfishness! the pleasure of knowing that one's knowledge is not diffused; the delight of being a pedant, at the easy rate of reading some 300 loosely printed pages. But no, no, no; I am not selfish, but willing ever, my dear sir, to make you the participator of the eccentricities on which I have so lately feasted.

And now, to begin with the philosophy of the thing—to put you in the right state of mind—to set you at the right point of view to receive my stores of information: just remember the distinction which has been

drawn between poets, themselves observers of nature, from whom alone they draw their treasures, and the other class of poets, who imbibe their information from books. It is useless to remind you, how the first are in immediate contact with the world, and are the oracles to tell its secrets in their own way, while the others learn the secrets at second-hand, and are hammering their brains to give their work this or that form—to torture it into a ghazel—to toss it loosely through a Spanish metre—or to rumble it through hexameters, thinking much less how they shall tell their thoughts themselves than how they shall imitate other people's manner of telling, or feeling. It is useless, I say, to remind you of all this—and besides all this—that our friends the German poets are more addicted to the bookish school of poetry than any other nation in the world. But now imagine a third case—a man who has not studied for the sake of studying, or for the sake of cultivating a literary style—or, indeed, for the sake of writing at all; imagine this man, with little in the actual world to occupy his thoughts, amusing himself with a course of reading after his own heart—just as children read fairy tales—and then constructing a world suitable to himself, into which he can peep and feel himself quite at home. Suppose this man shall build a volume of poetry out of the objects he shall find in this region of his own creation—suppose all this, and you have Ferdinand Freiligrath.

Freiligrath is now about nine-and-twenty years old; and his poems, which were not collected till last year, have made a surprising stir among the German critics; each endeavouring to discover and explain the psychological causes of poems so eccentric and extraordinary. He was born in a little German village, where nothing of interest was going on, and as a boy he amused himself with books of travels. These not only opened a new world to him, but literally took him into a new world: and from that period, he stooped under Simooms, listened to the roaring of lions, marked the track of the hyena, admired skull-garnished palaces, and probably without having stirred an inch further than Holland, dashed boldly into a wild Asiatic or African life. Amsterdam,—strange place for inspiration—received him; the sight of the shipping gave a visibility and substantiality to the visions he had drawn from his books, and the material for the poet was at hand; he had not to look to the right or the left, or to wander or reflect; his head was so full of outlandish scenery, customs, and persons, that he had merely to take his pencil and hit off in glowing colours what his mental eye beheld; and this he did with a vigour, and a colouring, and a fulness which struck great wonderment into all who read his novel effusions.

"Oh!" I hear you say,—*"another Rückert."* Not a bit of it, my dear sir; not a morsel like Rückert. That glorious man travels about gathering wisdom as he goes, culling oriental tradition, listening to the *spirit* of the East. Not so Freiligrath; it is the *body* of the east that he delighteth in: he cares not for its wisdom, or its tradition, or the parables of its dervises, or the oriental style of allegory; no,—he loves the tigers, and lions, and the Bedouins, and the yellow sands; the scenes that are before him are not matters for reflection, but for description.

Now, to open his book. On the first page we find a poem entitled "*Moss-tea*" (*Moos-thee*); that is, "*tea made of Iceland moss,*" which is given to the author in a state of sickness. What can he make of it?

Does he sentimentalise on the shortness of life, and so on? No; but hear him.

Sechzehn Jahr—und wie ein greiser
Alter sitz' ich matt und krank.
Sieh, da senden mir der Geiser
Und der Hecla diesen Trank.

Auf der Insel, die von Schlacken
Harter Lava und von Eise
Starrt und den beschneiten Nacken
Zeigt des arkt'schen Poles Kreise;

Ueber unterird'schen Feuern,
In Nordlichterhellen Nächten,
Bei den Gluth und Wasserspeiern
Wuchsen diese bittern Flechten.

Aus den dampfumrollten Kegeln,
Aus der Berge schwarzem Tiegel,
Gleich blutrothen Sagenvögeln—
Flammenzungen ihre Flügel.—

Sahn sie feurig auf zum schwarzen
Himmel mächt'ge Steine sprühen,
Und ein Meer von heissen Harzen
Durch das Schneegefilde ziehen.

* * * *

Wolken, Rauch und Asche wallen,
Und am Strand die Robben winseln,
Und die rothen Steine fallen
Nieder auf entfernten Inseln;

Die zerrissnen Berge zittern,
Und das Eismeer schäumt und braut.
Dorten wuchsen diese bittern
Flechten, wuchs dies herbe Kraut.

After describing his quaffing the "dark-green juice," and the "fire darting through his nerves," he concludes thus powerfully:—

Lavaschein und Nordlicht röthen
Mein Gericht; die Pulse schlagen
Schneller; Edda, lass mich treten
Vor die Helden deiner Sagen.

Ha! wenn dieser Insel Pflanzen
Mir den Lebensbecher reichen,
Mög' ich dann in meinem ganzen
Leben dieser Insel gleichen!

Feuer lodre, Feuer zucke
Durch mich hin mit wildem Kochen,
Selbst der Schnee, in dessen Schmucke
Einst mein Haupt prangt, sei durchbrochen

Von der Flamme, die von innen
Mich verzehrt; wie roth und heiss
Hecla Steine von den Zinnen
Wirft nach der Faaröer Eis:

So aus meinem Haupt, ihr Kerzen
Wilder Lieder, sprühn und wallen
Sollt ihr, und in fernen Herzen
Siedend zischend niederfallen!

Sixteen years—and as a gray old man, I
sit weak and ill. See the Geiser and
Hecla send me this beverage.

On the island which is stiffened by the
deposit of hard lava and ice, and which
shows its snowy crag to the circle of the
arctic pole,

Over subterraneous fires, in nights bright
with the northern lights, by the vomiters
of flame and water, grew these bitter
lichens.

From the smoke-encompassed cones,
from the black crucible of the mountains,
like blood-red Saga-birds, with tongues of
flame for wings—

They saw mighty stones dart fierily up
to the black sky, and a sea of burning resin
flow through the field of snow.

* * * *

Clouds, smoke, and ashes are in com-
motion, and the seal moans on the strand,
and the red stones fall down on the distant
islands;

The torn mountains tremble, and the
ice-sea foams and brews. There grew
these bitter lichens, grew this harsh* herb.

The lava-glow and the northern-lights
give a red hue to my face, and my pulse
beats quicker. Edda, let me approach the
heroes of the Sagas.

Ha! if the plants of this Island offer me
the cup of life, may I then, in my whole
life, be like this island.

Let fire glow, fire dart through me,
wildly boiling; let even the snow, which
shall once adorn my head, be broken
through—

by the flame, which consumes me from
within;—as Hecla, red and hot, casts stones
from its battlements on the ice of the Faaro
Isles;

So from my head, ye torches of wild
songs, should you sprout forth and wave
about, and boiling in distant hearts, fall
down hissing.

* Or, "astringent."

This is a very wonderful poem for a boy of sixteen (the age of the poet, according to the first verse); but the sagacious have suspected that the last part was written some time after the first, as it is evidently intended as a preface to the whole book; and the probability is, that Freiligrath had got a large heap of these fiery stones, before he began to pray that they might hiss in other people's hearts.

The next poem I shall take is, perhaps, his *chef-d'œuvre*, and a most characteristic specimen. Now we shall find him full of enthusiasm for his own wild world; we shall find that his feelings are wrapped up in the results of his juvenile studies—and how vividly the pictures of his imagination stand before him. The "Moos-thee" was rather an introduction—a telling us what he was going to do—a showman's cloth, hung before his collection of natural curiosities. Now, we have entered,—and behold

DER SCHLITTSCHUH-LAUFENDE
NEGER.

Du, von Gestalt athletisch,
Der oft am Gambia
Den wunderlichen Fetisch
Von Golde blitzen sah,

Oft unter dem Aequator
Des Panther's Blut vergoss,
Und nach dem Alligator
Mit gift'gem Pfeile schoss;

Dort, wo auf Pallastpforten
Gebilechte Schädel stehn,
An jenen fremden Orten
Mag ich dich gerne sehn.

Wo aus geborstnen Bäumen
Das gelbe Gummi quillt,
Stehst du in meinen Träumen
Ein ernstes, schwarzes Bild.

Ein Wächter und ein Hüter
Mit Perl' und Gold geziert,
Der mittäglichen Güter,
Die da dein Land gebiert.

Dort seh' ich gern dich treiben
Das Nashorn in die Flucht;
Doch fremd wirst du mir bleiben
Auf dieser nord'schen Bucht.

Was fliegst du auf dem Eise,
Und sprichst der Kälte Hohn,
O du, der Wendekreise,
Des Südens heisser Sohn?

Du, der, bis an den Nabel
Entblösst, zu Rosse sprang,
Und in den Kettengabel
Den Hals der Sklaven zwang?

Aus diesem bunten Schwarme
Im rauhen Pelzgewand,
Ragst du, verschränkt die Arme
Gleichwie ein Nekromant,—

Der mit geweihtem Ringe
Der Geister Trotz besiegt,
Und auf des Greifen Schwinge
Durch die Sahara fliegt.

THE SKATING NEGRO.

Thou, athletic in form, who often by the
Gambia, saw the strange Fetisch of gold
glitter,

Who oft beneath the equator shed the
Panther's blood, and shot at the Alligator
with a poisoned arrow;

There, where on palace-gates stand
bleached skulls, in those foreign places
would I readily see thee.

Where from the burst trees, flows the
yellow gum, thou standest in my dreams,
a solemn black image;

Adorned with pearls and gold, a guard
and a protector of the southern wealth,
which thy land there produces.

There I love to see thee put the Rhi-
noceros to flight; yet in this northern bay
wilt thou remain a stranger to me.

Why dost thou fly on the ice, and defy
the cold,—thou the glowing son of the
tropic—of the south?

Thou who, bared below the waist, sprung
upon thy horse, and forced the neck of
the slaves into the forked yoke.

From this motley throng, in thy rough
garb of skin—thou appearest, with thy con-
fined arms, like a necromancer,—

Who, with consecrated ring, overcomes
the defiance of the spirits, and flies on the
wings of a griffin through the Sahara.

O segle, wenn im Lenze,
Kein Eis dein Schiff' mehr hält !
Nach deines Landes Grenze
Zieh' heim in dein Gezelt. —

When, in the spring, no more ice re-
strains thy ship,—O sail to the border of
thy land, return home to thy tent.

Goldstaub auf deiner Locke
Streut dort das Land Dar Fur;
Hier schmückt sie Reif und Flocke
Mit Silberstaube nur.

There the land Dar Fur sprinkles gold
dust on thy hair;—here the hoar frost and
flakes of snow deck it but with silver dust.

Do you not now see what I mean by Freiligrath being merely descriptive, not reflective? Observe there are no comparisons between civilisation and non-civilisation; no symbols of things immaterial; his African scenery does not remind him of this or that; he is rejoicing in the sight of the great Sahara, and the gold-dust of Darfur—feasting on the spectacle of the negro-palace, adorned with skulls—and joining in the chase of the panther. Delighted with the scene he has raised, he calls your attention to the various imaginary objects around him, with the eagerness of a child who travels for the first time; and the warmth of his feeling causes a reciprocal glow in your own.

You may see what a new field Freiligrath has taken, as the unreflective poet of uncivilized life; and into whatever country he travels it is the wild and adventurous which strikes him. At sea, he loves to think of the wonders of the deep, and the corsairs; if he remains in Europe, it is to behold the death of a robber-chief; in short, the whole tenour of his works may be most accurately traced to his boyish Robinson-Crusoe-school of reading; and, however his subjects may vary, they are generally similar in kind. It is a remarkable circumstance, that not a single love-poem is to be found in his collection (I should say not an original love-poem, for there are several, which are translations); and it has been conjectured that love—at least as a subject for poetical expression, forms no part of Freiligrath's composition—that his nature requires to be stirred by the wild and the wonderful, before he can produce a line, and that he has no sympathy for any life, but that of the regions he has made so peculiarly his own. It is also worthy of remark, that with all his love for the wonderful, he rarely strays into the supernatural—rarely creates beings merely imaginary. Nature, in her wildest state, contains enough to satisfy him; and his imagination is employed rather in bringing home to himself distant realities, than in building edifices entirely without a natural foundation. Hence his substantiality and distinctness; he begins to work with good solid materials, and his graphic imagination must needs produce a vivid and highly-coloured picture. Doubtless many will object to the field Freiligrath has taken, as a sign of bad and depraved taste: but that is no question to discuss here. I have done enough if I establish the fact, that Freiligrath has excelled in a new region, without caring whether his soaring, or rather sailing, into that region be in good taste or not. There must be a good deal of personal taste in these matters; and I can only, for my own part, say, that I have rarely read a volume with greater delight, and should look forward to another with a very pleasant anticipation.

But what to turn to next? It is no hard matter to criticise a well-known author, when all your readers are in possession of the subject, and you have only to go on doling out your opinion; there is no great difficulty with a tragedy or an epic—where you can go on detailing the

story, and fling in a passage here or there by way of embellishment; but with lyric poetry, where a page or two usually contains an entire work, and where a description of the poem would be as long as the poem itself, the case is different. If you occupy yourself too much with criticism, you are giving your reader your opinions on a subject of which he knows nothing—and which may be right or not—but certainly not entertaining; while, in avoiding this, you probably run into the other extreme, of giving nothing but a number of extracts, and end in being a mere copier of the book. Of two bad positions, the last is the best; as extracts from the author must give some idea of him—while your own powers of description may be inadequate to the work. So to look for another specimen:

Plague on the fellow! His poems are nearly all so good that it is hard to pick and choose. Here's an excellent one: "*Leben des Negers*" (Negro-life). No, no. I have shown the feeling already, the sympathy with man in his savage state. Well, here's "*The Löwenritt*" (the Lion's Ride). Ah, that will do! We have not yet seen our friend rejoicing in the brute creation alone—gloating on the wild sports of tigers and hyænas. Listen to him.

Wüstenkönig ist der Löwe; will er sein
Gebiet durchfliegen.
Wandelt er nach der Lagune, in dem
hohen Schilf zu liegen.
Wo Gazellen und Giraffen trinken, lauert
er im Rohre;
Zitternd über dem Gewalt'gen rauscht das
Laub der Sycomore.

Abends, wenn die hellen Feuer glühn im
Hottentottenkraale,
Wenn des jäh'n Tafelberges bunte, wech-
selnde Signale
Nicht mehr glänzen, wenn der Kaffer
einsam schweift durch die Karroo,
Wenn im Busch die Antilope schlummert
und am Strom das Gnu:

Sieh' dann schreitet majestätisch durch
die Wüste die Giraffe,
Dass mit der Lagune trüben Fluthen sie
die heisse, schlaffe
Zunge kühle; lechzend eilt sie durch der
Wüste nackte Strecken,
Knieend schlürft sie langen Halses aus
dem schlammgefüllten Becken.

Plötzlich regt es sich im Rohre; mit
Gebrüll auf ihren Nacken
Springt der Löwe; welch ein Reitpferd!
sah man reichere Schabracken
In den Marstallkammern einer könig-
lichen Hofburg liegen,
Als das bunte Fell des Renners, den der
Thiere Fürst bestiegen?

In die Muskeln des Genickes schlägt er
gierig seine Zähne;
Um den Bug des Riesenpferdes weht des
Reiters gelbe Mähne,
Mit dem dumpfen Schrei des Schmerzes
springt es auf und fliegt gepeinigt;
Sieh', wie Schnelle des Kameeles es mit
Pardelhaut vereinigt.

The Lion is the king of deserts; if he will traverse his domain, he wanders to the marsh to lie among the tall reeds. He cowers among the reeds, where Gazelles and Giraffes drink; the leaves of the sycamore rustle, trembling, over the mighty one.

In the evening, when bright fires glow in the Hottentot-Kraal, when the varied, changing signals of the Table-mountain shine no more, when the Caffer glides alone through the Karroo, when the Antelope slumbers in the bush, and the Gnu by the stream;

See, then does the Giraffe stalk majestically through the desert, that with the troubled waters of the marsh it may cool its hot, hanging tongue; panting, it hastes through the bare tracts of the deserts, kneeling, with its long neck, it quaffs from the mud-filled basin.

Suddenly, there is a motion in the reeds; the Lion springs on its neck with a roar. What a courser! Were ever seen richer caparisons lying in the stables of a royal palace, than the spotted hide of the courser, which the prince of beasts has mounted?

Eagerly he fixes his teeth in the muscles of its neck; the rider's yellow mane waves over the shoulder of the gigantic courser. With the dull cry of pain it springs up and flies in agony; see, how it unites the speed of the Camel with the skin of the leopard.

Sieh', die mondbestrahlte Fläche schlägt
es mit den leichten Füßen!
Starr aus ihrer Höhlung treten seine Augen;
rieselnd fließen
An dem braungefleckten Halse nieder
schwarzen Blutes Tropfen,
Und das Herz des flüchtigen Thieres hör't
die stille Wüste klopfen.

See, with its light feet it beats the
moon-lit plain! Its eyes start, stiffened,
from their sockets; drops of black blood
flow down trickling on the brown-spotted
neck, and the silent desert hears the heart
beat of the flying animal.

Gleich der Wolke, deren Leuchten Israel
im Lande Yemen
Führte, wie ein Geist der Wüste, wie ein
fahler, luft'ger Schemen,
Eine sandgeformte Trombe in der Wüste
sand'gem Meer,
Wirbelt eine gelbe Säule Sandes hinter
ihnen her.

As the cloud, whose light led Israel in
the land of Yemen, as a spirit of the desert,
as a dusky aerial form, a sand-formed
*Trombe** in the sandy sea of the desert, a
yellow pillar of sand is whirling up behind
them.

Ihrem Zuge folgt der Geier; krächzend
schwirrt er durch die Lüfte,
Ihrer Spur folgt die Hyäne, die Entwei-
herin der Gräfte;
Folgt der Panther, der des Caplands Hür-
den räuberisch verheerte;
Blut und Schweiss bezeichnen ihres Königs
grausenvolle Fährte.

The vulture follows their course, and,
croaking, whirrs through the air; the
Hyena, despoiler of graves, follows their
track; the Panther follows, who, robber-
like, depopulated the sheep-folds of the
Cape.—Blood and sweat mark the fearful
course of their king.

Zagend auf lebendig'm Throne sehn sie
den Gebieter sitzen,
Und mit scharfer Klaue seines Sitzes bunte
Polster ritzen,
Rastlos, bis die Kraft ihr schwindet, muss
ihn die Giraffe tragen;
Gegen einen solchen Reiter hilft kein
Bäumen und kein Schlagen.

Trembling on his living throne, they see
their ruler sit and tear with sharp claw the
soft cushion of his seat.—Restless, the
Giraffe must bear him till its strength
fails; no rearing or beating about are of
avail against such a rider.

Taumelnd an der Wüste Saume stürzt sie
hin, und röchelt leise.
Todt, bedeckt mit Staub und Schaume
wird das Ross des Reiters Speise,
Ueber Madagaskar, fern im Osten, sieht
man Frühlicht glänzen;—
So durchsprengt der Thiere König nächt-
lich seines Reiches Grenzen.

Staggering, she falls at the border of the
desert, and rattles lightly in her throat.
Dead, covered with dust and foam, the
horse becomes the rider's meal. Over
Madagascar far in the east, dawn is seen
to shine.—Thus nightly does the king of
the beasts rush over the borders of his
realm.

Freiligrath is greatly commended for his metres, for the close conformity of his verse with his subject—as if both came from one inspiration. Who, in the preceding poem, cannot hear the Giraffe rushing through the rapid trochees; who cannot feel the breathless eagerness of the poet, uttering his long, yet hurried and exhausted lines? Occasionally, however, whether from a love of eccentricity, or from carelessness (I suspect the former), he allows himself to be betrayed into a singular inelegance in his rhymes—closing them with all sorts of outlandish words, so as to startle and even shock the ear. I may instance, in the poem above, “Giraffe,” and “Schlaffe,” “Gnu,” and “Karroo;” and in another, “Fandango,” and “Hoango,” where, not satisfied with the introduction of his words, he puts them in the most conspicuous part of his line, and comes bounce upon them with a barbarous gusto. Understand, I suspect that Freiligrath indulges in these eccentricities of rhyme purposely; because there is no doubt that although inspired by

* A waterspout; but I have retained the French word, to avoid the Irishism of a “sand-water-spout.”

his subject he fags hard at his metre, and the seeming ease with which it is written is the result of considerable labour. He has given a whole collection of poems in Alexandrian metre, with the title of "*Alexandrin*," and the introductory one of them shews sufficiently how much his mind was bent on his verse, as that alone has served as the subject of a poem. Here you have it.

DER ALEXANDRINER.

Spring an, mein Wüstenross aus Alexandria!
Mein Wildling! solch ein Thier bewältiget
kein Schah,
Kein Emir und was sonst in jenen
Oestlichen Ländern sich in Fürstensatteln
wiegt;
Wo donnert durch den Sand ein solcher
Huf? wo fliegt
Ein solcher Schweif? Wosolche Mähnen?

Wie es geschrieben steht so ist dein Wiehern: Ha!
Ausschlagend, das Gebiss verachtend,
stehst du da;
Mit deinem losen Stirnhaar buhlet
Der Wind; dein Auge blitzt und deine
Flanke schäumt;
Das ist der Renner nicht, den Boileau ge-
zümt,
Und mit Franzosenwitz geschulet!

Der trabt bedächtig durch die Bahn am
Leitzaum nur;
Ein Heerstrassgraben ist die leidige Cäsura
Für diesen feinen, saubern Alten.
Er weiss, dass eiler Muth ihm weder ziemt
noch frommt:
So schnäufelt er, und hebt die Hüflein,
springt, und kommt
Ans and're Ufer wohlbehalten.

Doch dir, mein flammend Thier, ist sie ein
Felsenriss
Des Sinai; zerbrecht, Springriemen und
Gebiss!
Du jagst hinan; da klappt die Ritze!
Ein Wiehern und ein Sprung! dein Huf-
haar blutet, du
Schwebst ob der Kluft; dem Fels entlockt
dein Eisenschuh
Des Echos Donner und des Kiesels Blitze!

Und wieder nun hinab! wühl' auf den
heissen Sand!
Vorwärts! lass tummeln dich von meiner
sichern Hand,
Ich bringe wieder dich in Ehren,
Nicht achte du den Schweiss! Sieh' wenn
es dämmert, lenk'
Ich langsam seitwärts dich, und streichle
dich, und tränk'
Dich lässig in den grossen Meeren.

It is not everybody who could sing such a spirited song on the subject of twelve syllables and a cæsura! Did you ever read the "*Orientales*" of Victor Hugo?—if you have, the dash of the metre with the short third

THE ALEXANDRIAN VERSE.

Spring on, my desert-steed from Alexandria! My wild one! Such a horse is managed by no Schah, no Emir, whoever else may, in those Eastern lands, rock in princes' saddles. Where does such a hoof thunder through the sand? Where flies such a tail? such a mane?

As it stands written, thy neighing is: Ha! Kicking out, despising the bit, thou standest there; the wind sports with the wanton hair of thy forehead; thine eye glistens, and thy flank foams:—that is not the courser which Boileau bridled, and schooled with French wit.

He only trots cautiously along the path by his leading-rein,—the pitiful cæsura is a highway-ditch for this nice, delicate old steed. He knows that vain courage neither becomes nor avails him; so he snuffles, and lifts his hoof, leaps, and comes safe to the other bank.

Yet to thee, my flaming beast, is the cæsura a rocky chink of Sinai; shiver reins and bit! Thou huntest on—there yawns the crevice.—A neigh and a leap! The hair of thy hoof bleeds, thou soarest over the cleft; thy iron shoe charms from the rock thunder, and the lightning of the flint!

Now down again! Dash on the hot sand! Forwards! reel under my sure hand, I bring you again to honour! Heed not the sweat! See at twilight will I lead you aside, and pat you, and water you in the great seas.

and sixth lines may remind you a little of that poet ; but we'll talk about Hugo another time.

However, in the preface to these very "Orientales," there is a passage which exactly jumps with what I remarked some two or three pages back, and which I ought to have quoted long before ; but you must know that these letters are sometimes interrupted for a week or so in their progress—and that in one of these intervals I read the passage in question. What matter, said I, about the subject chosen by Freiligrath, so long as he has treated it well ; that is enough for us. "Now," quoth Hugo, "let us examine *how* you have worked, not about *what* and *why*." Criticism has no right to ask more ; and the poet need not answer to more. Wander freely in the garden of poesy, where there is no forbidden fruit. Space and time belong to the poet, and he may go where he pleases, and do what he pleases, and need own no other law. Let him write in verse or prose ; chisel marble or cast bronze ; set his foot in this age, or that climate ; belong to east, west, north, or south ; let his muse be a veritable muse, or a fairy—the poet himself is free, and all we have to do is to stand at his point of view, and look accordingly.

Now, my dear sir, pray do not throw open your big Hugo in two volumes royal octavo, to compare the passage. Take it for granted that I give you the spirit of that great writer—(aye, "*great*," I repeat it ; and a *fico* for the venom which a host of twaddlers delight to spit at his name)—and don't trouble yourself about the words—for if you do, you'll find lines hopped over, and sentences cut, and give yourself unnecessary trouble, and do me no honour.

But the spirit, my boy—the spirit ; that's the thing ! If people had but considered that the *how*, rather than the *what*, constituted the poet, what a world of discussion would have been saved ! How often are we edified with queries whether Pope was or was not a poet, I would answer most distinctly that he was—while admiring poems of as opposite a character to those of the Twickenham bard—as a hill of the termites is to a loaf of refined sugar. Pope seized on the poetical side of the civilized life of his period, as friend Freiligrath has caught the poetical aspect of savage Asia. Poetry is no conventional language of a period or a spot—to discourse of the events of confined localities, or a few chosen *lustra*—her sway is extended over the universe ; and her subjects are as infinite in number as herself is universal.

Some wiseacres had annoyed Hugo about his choice of subjects ; and some kindred souls had, it seems, plagued poor Freiligrath, because he always sung of the east, and could never find a stray stanza in honour of his native land. He felt the reproach, and wrote a poem by way of answer. I won't describe—description would be as long as the poem itself, and not near so good. Therefore, here you have it :—

MEINE STÖFFE.

Ihr sagt : "Was drückst du wiederum
Den Turban auf die schwarzen Haare ?
Was hängst du wieder ernst und stumm,
Im weiden Korb am Dromedare ?

Du hast so manchmal schon dein Zelt
In Ammon's Flächen aufgeschlagen,
Dass es uns länger nicht gefällt,
Dir seine Pfähle nachzutragen.

MY SUBJECTS.

You ask me : "Why dost thou again
press the Turban on thy black hair ? Why
dost thou again hang serious and silent in
thy willow basket on the Dromedary ?

Already thou hast so often pitched thy
tent on Ammon's plains, that we feel
pleasure no longer in carrying the posts
after thee.

Du wandelst, wie ein Mann, der träumt!
Sieh', weh'nder Sand füllt deinen Köcher;
Der Taumelmohn des Ostens schäumt
In deines Liedes güldnem Bêcher!

O, geuss ihn aus! Dann aber spääh'
Und lechz' umher mit regen Sinnen,
Ob keine Bronnen in der Näh',
Daraus du schöpfen mögest, rinnen!

Sei wach den Stimmen deiner Zeit!
Horch auf in deines Volkes Grenzen!
Die eigne Lust, das eigne Leid
Woll' uns in deinem Kelch kredenzen!

Lass tönend deiner Zähren Nass
An die metall'ne Wölbung klopfen,
Und über ihr verbluten lass
Dein Herz sich bis zum letzten Tropfen.

Wovon dein Kelch auch schäumt mit Gier
Woll'n seine Gaben wir empfangen!
Mit durst'gen Lippen wollen wir
An seinen blut'gen Ränden hangen!

Nur heute noch den Orient
Vertausche mit des Abends Landen;
Die Sonne sticht, die Wüste brennt!
Oh, lasse nicht dein Lied versanden!"

O, könnt' ich folgen eurem Rath!
Doch düster durch versengte Halme
Wall' ich der Wüste dürrer Pfad;
Wächst in der Wüste nicht die Palme?

Thou wanderest like a man that dreams,
—see, thy quiver is filled by the waving
sand,—the drowsy poppy of the east foams
in the golden cup of thy song.

Oh, pour it out! Then spy, look around
with eager sense,—see whether no springs
are flowing near, from which thou might'st
draw!

Be awake to the voices of thy own time,
—listen to what presses within the limits
of thy own nation. Thy own joy, thy own
sorrow, pledge us in thy cup.

Let the moisture of thy tears fall sound-
ing on the metal concave, and over it let
thy heart bleed away even to the last
drop.

With whatever thy cup may eagerly flow,
we will receive its gifts! With thirsty
lips we will hang to its bloody rim!

Only to-day change the east for the
lands of the west; the sun pierces, the
west burns! O let not thy song be co-
vered with sand!"

O would I could follow your counsel!
yet gloomily through scorched stems I wan-
der along the dry path of the desert. But
does not the palm grow even in the desert?

I could quote you another poem "On a fresh-painted Picture, which reflected the Author's Face,"—and which, moreover, made him reflect on himself; for the picture representing a storm, he fancied himself the spirit of that storm. But Freiligrath does not often sing about himself. Indeed that's his great point; though his world is his own, and the subjects of his song, his "*Stoffe*," are such as he never actually met, he rarely treats us with his own feelings, but is objective in the extreme. But is there not a melancholy in the last song—a gloomy consciousness of the poet that he is a mere nothing out of his own path—a sad acknowledgment that the circle which surrounds him cannot awaken his sympathies, but that his heart is in the desert? And those who have seen him describe him as quiet in his discourse, and presenting no remarkable appearance, rather seeming oppressed by the circle around him. He is, as it were, driven into himself; and lives in the silent contemplation of his own fantasies.

I feel I have not done justice to this extraordinary young man. I feel that, to those who may have read his works, my selection of extracts will seem arbitrary. But one must select something—and where much is excellent, much good must be omitted. Have I given you an idea—even a faint one—of an author hitherto unknown here? If not, have I awakened a curiosity to read him? For have I even done this, I feel my labour has not been thrown away.

JOHN OXENFORD.

QUAKERISM AND QUAKERS.

HURRAH for our friends the Quakers! Friends, you delight to be cycled, and by the manes of Fox and Barclay you shall share the privileges of friendship. I am going to sketch you *con amore* artist-fashion. I shall depict the breadth of your brims, the sleekness of your cheeks, the cut of your coats, &c. But all shall be done in the best natured manner in the world; I will endeavour to view you through the drab-coloured medium of Mr. Clarkson's "Portraiture of Quakerism"—what more can you desire? You shall be exhibited, but not shown up. You shall trace your exact physes, with the precise elongation of jaw that is the badge of all your tribe. I will "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice." The *laus et vituperium*, the vermilion and Indian ink, the flattery and sarcasm, shall be most impartially intermingled. I will be as careful in selecting and sorting your ingredients as a Cornish cook in manufacturing a squab pie—the component elements of pepper, onions, apples, mutton, &c. shall be regulated with a degree of equity that might astonish the Chancellor himself. This is the more indispensable as too many of your eulogisers have made you absolutely isangelic, or equal to the angels, bating the difference between wings and no wings—while others, rogueish wags that they were, have accused you of being egregious Cantwells, magicians, imps of the black prince, and other unutterable abominations. Such detractors of innocent simplicity deserve to suffer purgatory, at least, if not to go further, and fare worse.

Hurrah for the Quakers! Where shall we begin this magnificent and unparalleled critique. "Faith, I'll begin at the beginning," as the Irishman said when he ringed his pig. I don't half like the plan of the epic poets, who plunge heads and tails in *medias res*. Grave historians, like myself, scorn to follow such extravagant vagaries.

To begin, then, with the beginning. Where shall we look for the beginning of the Quakers? By the powers, I don't know; and not knowing, can't say. I don't give much credit to those who trace them up to the angels, and the loves of the angels, or even to the *angelici* and *angelitæ*. This implies a degree of poetic sublimation to which all Quakers plead not guilty.

They appear historically to have been more akin to the spiritualists and mystics that have prevailed, time immemorial, in the Jewish and Christian churches. It is, I conceive, in the history of the mystics, during all ages, that we discover the true rise and progress of Quakerism.

It may be asserted that the spiritual or mystical divinity, so patronised by Philo, Origen, Pseudo Dionysius, Erigena, and their followers, was always the highest and most orthodox of religious doctrines in the church. This is true enough; yet it cannot be denied that the mystical divinity extended itself in impurer manifestations through several sects, that were considered as very low in eccle-

siastical precedence, and decidedly heterodox in many of their tenets and practices.

A very large portion of these spiritualists, or mystics, assumed various names of Theosophists, Paulicians, Catharists, &c., and connected themselves with the secret societies of Freemasonic initiation that had come down from remote antiquity. In this great systems of initiations, subsisting under diverse name and forms, they extended all over Europe as early as the tenth century. Those who wish to see an exhibition of the views and operations of these theosophic societies, may read Rosetti's admirable work on the "Rise and Progress of the Antipapal Spirit previous to the Reformation." In fact, by various processes, direct and indirect, the theosophists helped on the reformations of all churches and states to which their influence penetrated.

Let it not seem an unfair presumption, when we thus exhibit the mystics, as at once the highest and the most multiform of religious sects—in truth they have ever been so. Agreeing in a certain grand principle of spiritualism, the mystics have, to do them justice, taken loftier and larger views of things than any of the scholastic or formalistic sects. Mysticism possesses something of the genius of Proteus : being a thing essentially divine, it can change and variegate its forms to infinity :—

For by the attribute of Deity,
Which it has won from heaven, self-multiplied ;
The complex one appears on every side,
At the same indivisible point of time.

If mysticism, therefore, has existed among the Origenists, in that sublime and celestial orthodoxy which has placed their names at the summit of theological science,—Mysticism, likewise, has evolved its subtle emanations among many inferior and semi-ridiculous sects that have sprung up along the course of time. In this subordinate class of mystics we may place the Familists, Anabaptists, the Camisars, Quietists, Behmenites, Swedenborgians, Labadists, Guionists, Irvingites, &c. &c.

Such appears to me to be the great order of mystics in which the Quakers are to be collocated. These mystics, while on the whole they rank as ecclesiastical sects, will be found in all times, to have been closely connected with the theosophical and free-masonic lodges of initiation, both in their doctrine and their discipline. We shall have plenty of opportunities of proving this, with relation to the Quakers. Little as they may be inclined to acknowledge the fact, they will be found to resemble the initiates of theosophy, the Rosicrucians, and Illuminati, who have become a proverb among nations.

Jacob Behmen, and the Behmenites, who flourished to an amazing extent in Germany and France during the 16th century, have generally been considered as the immediate precursors of those English mystics entitled Quakers. Behmen was, in the opinion of all who have studied his works, a man of high spirituality and strong original genius. His mind was of that heaven-scaling and

*Theosophical
mysticism*

earth-defying heroism which dares all things and bears all things, in the search of wisdom. By the stern contentions of faith and prayer, by the struggling energies of unflinching reason, and the logical analysis of a few theosophic books, he attained many of the loftiest visions of truth, and compiled a system of transcendentalism more brilliant than any which had appeared for ages. He was one of the few cobblers who have proved themselves capable of judging above the last. From his dingy stall and work-shop issued the aurora of a theosophic doctrine which set Europe in a blaze. None but those who are personally acquainted with the works of Behmen, and the history of the Behmenites, can justly estimate the influence his doctrine has had on the world. It was not without some reason that such men as Poirer, Fenelon, Ramsay, and Law have eulogised this extraordinary man. It is astonishing to me that his solitary genius should have worked out so many philosophemes, resplendent as those of the Cabalists, the Brahmins, and the Pythagoreans, whom he had never read. It is a proof, if any were wanted, of the essential unity and sympathy of true genius in all times and nations. What would not Behmen have executed had he enjoyed the learning of Mirandola, Reuchlin, and Agrippa. How many of his ideas that now loom large in the mist of rhapsody, shadowy and obscure, yet vast and astounding as the ghosts of the mighty dead, would then have worn the keen edge and refulgent configuration of positive science. But, in spite of his disadvantages, Behmen is the Plato of Germany; and to him her greatest philosophers, and especially the Kantists, owe the brightest of their theories.

Such was Behmen. His life, example, and writings, I have no doubt whatever, had an extensive share in forming the disposition of George Fox, the father of the Quakers. I wish not here to draw an extensive parallel between the characters of Behmen and Fox; but it might easily be done—so many salient points of analogy and contrast do their biographies present.

The leading facts of Fox's life are thus briefly stated by Watkins: "George Fox, father of the Quakers, was born at Drayton, in Leicestershire, in 1624. He was apprenticed to a grazier, who employed him in keeping sheep; a situation very favorable to a mind naturally enthusiastic. After experiencing much trouble, he resolved to forsake all forms of religion, and to attend to the teaching of the Spirit. He next felt himself called on to propagate his opinions; and, accordingly, commenced preacher at Manchester, insisting on the necessity of receiving Christ in the heart, and of avoiding all ceremonies in religion. At Derby his adherents were called Quakers, on account of the trembling accent used in their exhortations, and, perhaps, from the vehemence of their gestures. About 1669, Fox married Margaret, the widow of Judge Fell, one of his converts in Lancashire; after which he went to America, and on his return, visited the continent. He lived to see his society in a flourishing condition, and died in 1690. His journals and tracts were printed in folio, in 1706."—(*Life by Clarkson.*)

The mind of Fox had not the same degree of spiritualism, or genius, which distinguished his German predecessor. It possessed,

however, enough of both to urge him into celebrity. He had the wit to discover that enthusiasm was the secret of influence and power; he therefore courted it as vigorously as his antagonists scouted it, and it energised him to attempt and achieve those victories of sectarian ambition which seemed at first altogether beyond his compass. This is not the place to relate the curious details of his itinerant life, his adventures, and successes, but they will well reward the perusal of the literary curioso.

One of Fox's tenets was that of his own *inspiration*. He believed that inspiration was by no means confined to the writers of the Bible; but he maintained that it was the common property of all saints, in successive degrees of quantity. While he supposed the inspired writers to enjoy the gifts of inspiration in full measure, he conceived that even the meanest pietist participated in the blessing and the promise, however insignificant his share might be.

When a man fairly persuades himself that he is thus inspired, he will necessarily assume a position in society otherwise inaccessible. He will proceed with a resolution, and speak with a decisiveness which are sure to advance his cause, however preposterous. The enthusiasm of Fox spread like wild-fire among a certain order of minds, with which he entered *en rapport*. The fascination of his zeal past with the rapidity of lightning to all spirits of the same fiery temperament, which were predisposed to catch the infection—and the number of such spirits, in those times of hot-headed puritanity, was by no means inconsiderable.

But if Fox had a great zeal towards God, it was not according to knowledge. Neither his talents nor opportunities enabled him to bestow anything like scientific investigation on the great master-science of theology. He attempted, by a capricious flight of imagination, to reach an altitude in the mountain of truth only attainable by patient labour. The consequence was, that the doctrine of Fox and the Quakers presented an extraordinary jumble, an undefinable mingle-mangle of noble verities and ridiculous errors. The sublimest spiritualities, and the most grotesque formalisms were tossed higglety pigglety into the sack, and then extracted promiscuously for the admiration of the world.

One thing is particularly observable with relation to Fox and his followers: I mean the blending of enthusiasm with calmness. I have observed in many of the mystics, especially in the Swedenborgians and the Irvingites, the same phenomenon, not to call it anomaly. As if they mistrusted the vehemence of their internal impulses, they have kept them as much as possible incarcerated in their bosoms; and, as if to atone for certain indiscreet and disastrous outbursts of phantasy and passion, they have laid them under the heaviest fetters of discipline. I have known cases wherein individuals of this class have thus waged a dreadful and exterminating war within, when the calmness of the eye, and the paleness of the cheek, and the indifference of the manner, completely deceived a spectator. It is by this habit of self-restraint, that Quakers and Quietists appear to possess such supernatural suavity and placidity. And it is by this habit that men whose enthusiasm is often too in-

tense for words, will go through all the minutiae of secular business, and make ample fortunes, under a veil of impenetrable mystery. I am not sure, however, whether this peculiar and unnatural self-discipline does not tend to promote a morbid idiosyncrasy, if not something worse. Certainly the returns of the asylums for mental imbecility strike a large average against the Quakers. This, however, may partly arise from other causes, such as their marrying in and in, &c.

There is one grand doctrine in the Bible, as held by the orthodox Church, which the Quakers never seem to have apprehended—I allude to the revealed association and harmony subsisting between spirit and matter and form. Scripture represents Deity himself as Spirit, comprehending the germinal principle of what we call matter and form—as the all in all—the protoplast of all existences, the first-born of every creature. It represents all spirits as associated with some degrees of matter, and all matters as associated with some degrees of spirit; it sets forth the universe as a whole, a macrocosm of microcosms—a sympathy of sympathies. In accordance with this doctrine, it assures us that man is a compound being, composed of soul and body, answering the two grand spheres of metaphysics and physics. It assures us that to live justly, we must preserve a proper harmony with both these spheres; and as the future hope of immortality, it sets before us the period when both parts of our nature shall receive a celestial renovation; when, not only the resurrection of the spirit, but a resurrection of the body may be anticipated. Such is the catholicity of Scripture—such is the harmony of creation. One benignant Providence extends an equal loving-kindness to spirit, matter, and form. But what God hath joined together, vain man hath striven to put asunder. Hence, in all ages, the sectarian disputes between spiritualists, materialists, and formalists, each forgetting the canon of catholicity, and arguing exclusively, partially, and one-sidedly. I should not have brought this consideration forward at present, had not this doctrine been the very crux and stumbling-block of the Quakers, time immemorial. In their zeal for spiritualities, they forgot the proprieties of form. These ought they to have done, and not left the other undone; for, as man is a compound being, the forms and ceremonials of right discipline, enjoined by the apostles and the fathers, rise into a serious and eternal importance; and the inevitable consequence of neglecting or despising them is to mutilate, halve and quarter our being, in violation of the whole symmetry of nature.

Here lies the primary hallucination, which is the source of all the errors of Quakerism. The disciples of Fox and Barclay have lost the art of harmonising those spiritual, moral, historical, and literal senses of Scripture, which are all of them true, and each of them indispensable. The grand secret of biblical hermeneutics among orthodox expositors, consists in this system of universal harmony. The clear current of their interpretation involves and evolves all the elements of revelation, without exaggerating or violating any. In Quakerism, on the other hand, the partial theory of spiritual and mystical exposition is carried so far that the literal, the practical,

and the formal are completely overlaid. Far from reconciling every count in the divine document, *ut res magis valeat quam pereat*, they exclude all the intendments but those which correspond with their sectarian idiosyncrasy. Hence, while boasting of inward particular revelations, they have often done violence to the catholic signification of Scripture; and by preposterously attempting to soar beyond it, have fallen infinitely below it. Hence has arisen a degree of practical neglect as to the reading of God's Word, with that prayerfulness, attentiveness, and humility which it so frequently enjoins; and hence the proclivity of many of them into those heresies which have been so deeply lamented by their ablest instructors.

By their eccentricities and tortuosities, the Quakers have at different times greatly excited the spleen of more orthodox writers. Among their severer flagellators we may cite Alexander Ross. This Rosicrucian professor was highly popular in his day, and contributed in no small degree to reform the system of occult sciences. Butler, in his "Hudibras," says of his hero—

"He was an ancient sage philosopher,
Who had read Alexander Ross over."

A still higher compliment was paid him by Henry Oxenden, of Barham, in the following quaint effusion, prefixed to the "Mystagogus Poeticus:"

"Great Alexander conquered only men,
With swords and cruel weapons used then;
But thou the monsters which Parnassus hill
Brought forth, hast vanquished only with thy quill.
He in his conquests sometimes suffered loss;
Thou none, my friend, great Alexander Ross."

It is to amuse your curiosity, most benignant reader, that we will here quote Alexander's opinion of the Quakers, or as some people name them, "Shakers," extracted from the "Pansebeia," published two centuries ago:—"These fanatical spirits," says Ross, "are called Quakers, because they use to quake and tremble when they prophesy. So did the heathen soothsayers of old, *non vultus, non color unus; non comptæ mansere comæ, sed pectus anhelum et rabie fera corda tument*. But the spirit of God is a spirit of peace, quietness, and tranquillity; he is not in fire, earthquakes, whirlwinds, but in the soft and still voice. It is not the quaking of the body, but humility of mind that he requires. These sectaries deny all ministerial ordinances and knowledge got by study and industry, pretending an inward light from the Spirit, and that all our learning got by preaching, hearing, reading, or catechising, is but notional and carnal, hanging on the tree of knowledge. They blasphemously prate, also, that Christ had his failings, and that he distrusted God on the cross, when he cried, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' by which they overthrow the work of our redemption, which none could perform but he that knew no sin, in whose lips was found no guile, whom his enemies could not accuse of sin. They will not have ministers to preach for tithes, which they call wages; and yet our Saviour saith that the labourer is worthy of his wages; and the Apostle,

that they who serve the altar should live by the altar; and if they communicate of their spiritual things why should they not participate in the people's temporal things. They will not have particular houses for preaching or prayer; and yet among the Jews were the temples and synagogues; and after Christianity were settled, churches were erected. They cannot abide studied or methodical sermons, nor expounding, nor learning in matters of divinity; by which we see how ignorant these people are who despise such helps as God hath given for propagating the gospel. Is it not better to study and premeditate than to utter *quicquid in buccam venerit* undigested unmethodical trash? Christ and his apostles expounded and opened the Scriptures, and yet these men reject expounding. These men are also against singing of psalms; a duty practised by Christ, and urged by St. Paul and St. James. They reject infant baptism; and yet to infants belongs the kingdom of heaven. They will have no set days for divine worship; and, consequently, the Lord's-day must be of no account with them. They will have no prayer before and after sermon; and yet the apostles joined prayer with their doctrine and breaking of bread: neither did they undertake any weighty business without prayer. They condemn set hours of prayers; and yet we read in the Acts of the Apostles that the third and ninth hours were set apart for prayers. By these wild fancies we may see how cross-grained these people are in contradicting every thing, even God's word itself if it be not consonant to their shallow reason, which they call the Spirit; but it is indeed the spirit of giddiness with which they are troubled, and trouble others. For the rejecting of all outward forms and decent ceremonies in religion, is the overthrow of religion itself; which, though it consist not in ceremonies, yet without them is like a man stript naked of his garments; and so, for want of them, exposed to all the injuries of weather, and danger of death. The leaves of the tree are not the fruit thereof; yet, without them, the fruit will not prosper." So much for Alexander Ross's animadversions upon the Quakers.

We shall now endeavour to sketch off a few of their leading tenets a little more accurately. As far as we understand their conception of Deity, they appear to be pretty orthodox: they suppose that one eternal God was manifested in three *developements* or expansions. According to Barclay, they own a distinction in the Godhead, between the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, but except against the word person, as too gross to express it. Of the second person of the Trinity, Barclay says, "having been with God from all eternity, being himself God, and also in time partaking of the nature of man, through him is the goodness and love of God conveyed to mankind, and by him again man receiveth and partaketh of these mercies." As to the distinct operations and inspirations of the Spirit, the Quakers maintain a higher degree of orthodoxy than Christians in general (see Wyeth's "Switch for the Snake").

It cannot be denied, however, that well-known Quaker writers, like Penn, have stated these doctrines very indistinctly, especially in regard to the atonement and sacrifice of Christ, and have thus betrayed a great number of Quakers, especially in America, into

the dangerous errors of Socinianism. The truth of this fact is evident from the multitudinous publications which have appeared on the charge, pro and con.

A very pervading theory of *theocratic government*, both ecclesiastical and civil, runs through the system of Quakerism. The Quakers seem to have supposed that God and Christ were the true essential rulers, and that it was their authority alone which armed patriarchs and kings with just domination. The number of theocratists during the dynasty of the Stuarts was very considerable. They maintained that Christ was the true king of kings, and that all earthly kings were merely his temporary vicegerents. Thus Milton, who was one of these Theocrats, or Millennarians, alluding to our Saviour's advent, exclaims, "When thou, the eternal and shortly-expected King, shalt open the clouds of heaven and extend thy universal and mild monarchy over the entire world!" Goodwyn and others entered largely into the same views. Some of these Theocratists or Millennarians, however, took a most disastrous bias to democracy and radicalism. Under the name of Fifth Monarchy men, using the scriptural doctrine of fifth or universal monarchy under Christ, as a cloak of malice, they sought to upset all governments, whether that of the king or the protector. These rascals were smitten hip and thigh, as they richly deserved to be, and thus ceased to disturb society.

The theocratic Quakers played their cards with more skill. Though they especially insisted on the texts "It is better to obey God rather than man," and "Call no man on earth Master," yet, partly by discreet flattery, and partly by practical services, they managed to win the good graces of the kings under terms of extraordinary familiarity. They were considered as innocent enthusiasts, likely to do mischief in the state, and their rights of conscience were respected beyond those of any other sect in the country. The favour of the Stuarts was especially extended to Penn and the American colonists of his persuasion; for what mischief could be apprehended from a party, one of whose tenets was submission to injury and renunciation of self-defence. All of them had not, however, the same Christian piety, or the same political prudence. Some went to excesses of democratism, of which even the anabaptists and Fifth-Monarchy-men were innocent. We cannot wonder, therefore, that such individuals were treated with much severity, both in Europe and America; many were imprisoned and some even executed. The history of James Naylor and his associates affords a striking commentary on these remarks.

"No persecution (says the *Christian Reformer*) has fallen more heavily in modern times on the people, than that endured by the Society of Friends. Their sufferings lasted 30 years, and the simple matter-of-fact relation of them fills two large folio volumes of more than 1400 closely printed pages. In the prisons, which were pestilential dungeons of which we can now hardly credit the description, were confined at one time 4200 Quakers. The majority of the first preachers of Quakerism died in prison. According to Besse, the historian, the total number of Friends that perished in

prison during this period was 396. Their meeting-houses were frequently pulled down and the materials sold. Throughout the severe winter of 1688 this steadfast people collected in the streets to worship in spite of all pains and penalties. The dead were disinterred from their graves; women and children were dragged by the hair along the streets; some were pricked with needles and bodkins, and others were sold to the sugar plantations; meanwhile their property was at the mercy of constables and informers, who wrenched open the doors with sledge hammers and screws, and carried off everything. There was levied at one time on the Friends of Bristol, for fines, £16,400, and from a careful examination of the records of the society, it clearly appears that property was taken or destroyed at that period to the amount of upwards of one million sterling.

This state of persecution, more or less fierce, lasted until William Penn opened an asylum for his friends in Pennsylvania. James the Second permitted the Friends to substitute an affirmation for oaths, and the passing of the Toleration Act of William the Third increased their privileges.

On the whole, it will be found that the Quakers are mainly right in spiritual doctrines; but that they have continually sacrificed the spirit to the form and the form to the spirit, and thus introduced the strangest contradictions to be found in the history of sects.

First and foremost, their doctrine of private inspiration and immediate revelation seems to be just in a considerable measure, and it is borne out by the weightiest authority of the fathers. This kind of enthusiasm and Divine afflatus the mystics have always cherished, and it does them great honour. In many of their views on this subject they are amply confirmed by a remarkable work, entitled, "The General Delusion of Christians, touching the ways of God revealing himself," &c., published 1713, and republished last year by Seeley. It is confirmed likewise by Boys's "Proofs of the Miraculous Faith and Experience of the Church of Christ in all Ages;" and by a multitude of books of the same character.

The Quakers, however, carry this doctrine too far. If, according to their own shewing, there may be all degrees of inspiration from the highest to the lowest, they are bound, in common decency, to suppose that the inspiration of the apostles was infinitely superior to their own. Consequently, as Mr. Relley has observed, in his "Trial of Spirits," they should hold their own inspirations in complete subjection to those mightier ones which animated the inspired writers properly so called. If this were done no mischief could occur, but by forgetting this wholesome gradation and subordination—forgetting likewise that the spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets—they not only incur the reproaches that St. Paul pronounced against certain energumens in his own day, but too often presume to set their minuter inspirations in a kind of antagonism to those of the Evangelists and the Fathers.

But with all its defects, the doctrine of the Quakers on this topic is far more orthodox than that prevalent in the Papistical and Protestant churches in general; which, in their eagerness to avoid

the enthusiasm without which a church is but a *caput mortuum*, have fallen into that unspiritual materialism, so generally abominated and lamented.

A still higher and nobler doctrine, steadfastly maintained by the mystics in general, and especially the Quakers, is the universality of God's grace and Christ's redemption, or, to use their own term, "The doctrine of universal saving Light." They believe that Christ is literally the true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. They believe that his secret inspirations have, in all ages and nations, enlightened men's consciences, by infusing just ideas respecting a God and a Mediator. Not Justin Martyr, Origen, or any of the great fathers of the three first centuries, can be more orthodox than the Quakers in this respect. They cherish nearly the same benevolent view of God their Saviour and human destinies in general, as that maintained by the Universalists. For this we commend the Quakers with the warmest eulogy. They have, in all times, stood manfully against that Manichean heresy, which, having tintured the spirit of Augustin, extended from his pages to the Thomists, the Jansenists, and the Calvinists; men whose individual worth I estimate right generously, but whose peculiar dogmas I hold to be most grossly heterodox and mischievous.

But while these sublime speculations respecting the internal divinity, the inward Christ, the inward illumination, and similar theories, give the Quakers a certain advantage, they appear very absurdly to forfeit that advantage by running counter to the whole system of rights, ceremonies, forms, and ordinances, received by the great body of the church. Thus the inward light, which should be a divine lustre to irradiate every external propriety of form, becomes in them a burning fire which consumes and exterminates the visible machinery of our faith. Now, I trust that I soar as high as any Quaker under the sun, in the august and resplendent spiritualism which envelopes the throne of the Invisible; but this is no reason why I should venture on the thrice hazardous experiment of abrogating the ceremonials of christianity. If to take away from the words of the Apocalypse be so perilous, doth not he incur a yet deadlier denunciation, who, in the pride and vanity of ignorance, blots out the hierarchical and sacramental institutions of the Church? It appears to me no trifling misprision thus, in the insolence of private judgement, to give the lie to those august rites and ceremonies consecrated and hallowed by the Catholic and all embracing ecclesia. For aught we know, to man, as a compound being, composed of soul and body, formal ordinances may be of very great importance, as the established initiations by which his physical nature is matriculated in the physical universe.

But so it is. Cherishing a religious democratism beyond all precedent, and relying on a species of inspiration which levels all distinctions, they have upset the ecclesiastical orders in the Church, confounded the priorities of age, sex, rank, and learning, and abolished all the established formalities of worship, as painful excrescences and incumbrances.

I have said that Quakerism, for the causes above mentioned,

exhibits the most extraordinary jumble of contradictions in the history of sects. The early Friends, like true democrats, at once the proudest and most subservient of men, threw their discordant opinions and desires into the lottery of committeeships; and by the accident of an accident, they came out again in the form of prizes and blanks. What could be expected from this chaos, this chance-medley, this pell-mell of propositions? Exactly the result we find: a systematic antithesis, a disorder regularly organised. Here, for instance, we find them insisting on the most literal observance of individual texts, at the desperate expense of the context; as in the case of their objection to oaths, and the right of self-defence. A little further on we find they have turned to the right-about, and claim an unlimited privilege of spiritual interpretation; in which, by a single Jack-the-Giant-killing blow, they annihilate the express injunctions of sacramental forms, and the entire discipline of Christian ministers. In this way they readily dispose of St. Paul, who prohibits men from wearing hats in churches, and women from speaking therein. They accordingly enlarge St. Paul's meaning till it signifies directly the reverse in its application to themselves. In short, their exposition resembles the famous parasol in the Arabian Nights; you may now wrap it up in the palm of your hand, and a moment afterwards shelter an entire army under its refreshing shade!

This hotch-potism, this contradictionism, pervades the whole machinery of Quakerhood. The Quakers, with all their personal merits, which no man values more highly than myself, are the very automata of antagonism; and you must understand them by the same rule as Rory O'More's dreams—the rule of contraries. At once the most liberal and the most contracted, the most generous and the most secular, the most simple and the most complicated, the most downright and the most finessing, the most humble and the most conceited of men, how shall I define them? Cherishing the deep rhapsodies of imagination, poetry, music, and the fine arts, which they pretend to despise; fostering the luxurious appetites amid the seeming mortifications of the Catharists and Quietists; and pampering the pride of life under the *simplex munditiis*, sobrieties of drab, they absolutely defy all human powers of delineation.

In past periods, when the inward light burned with intenser radiance, the Quakers worked hard to make proselytes, and succeeded to admiration. In the first flushings of their devout enthusiasm, they captivated a multitude of zealous disciples, who spread their doctrines far and wide. Of late years, since they have become rich, they seem less anxious to send abroad missionaries, or increase their proselytes; yet many of them are extremely generous to the missionary societies of other Christian churches; and they take a warm interest in the promotion of all truly philanthropic designs. Yes, to the eternal honour of the Quakers be it spoken, that their religion, so far as it goes, is the religion of practical philanthropy—the religion of Him who went about doing good. Their unremitting exertions in promoting the cause of peace, eman-

cipation, temperance, and industry, entitle them to our veneration and our love. They have not disdained to visit outcasts and prisoners that have been forsaken by other sects; they relieve the fatherless and widows in affliction, and extend the most liberal charity to the necessities of the poor and needy.

Such is the charm of well-assorted contrasts, that I have known the ripe maturity of piety, wisdom, and virtue rather adorned than impaired by their studied plainness of externals. I have known the loftiest philosophy, and keenest science of the age, rendered more brilliant and fascinating by their heroic contempt of the fashion. I have known the loveliest lips in the country made still more seducing by their resolute defiance of Lindley Murray, and the grammarians.

The Quakers, in the earlier periods of their rise and progress, were, as before stated, intimately associated with the theosophic lodges of initiation, at that time so widely diffused. So much was this the case, that I have sometimes hesitated whether to consider them most as mystics or most as theosophists. Their scheme of spiritualism, their theory of illuminatism, and several of their peculiar formalities, would lead us to suppose a stronger degree of fellowship with the lodges of initiation than any noticed by their professed historians. If they possess less of ecclesiastical formalities than Christians in general, they certainly observe more of the formalities of theosophic lodges than any men I know who have not been expressly initiated. Hence, while deriding forms, the Quakers are, in many respects, as conspicuously formalists as the Rosicrucians themselves.

During the high and palmy days of Quakerism, when its professors were boasting the brightest gifts of inspiration, prophecy, and thaumaturgy, and compassed sea and land to make proselytes, who flocked in multitudes to their standards, this idea of the theosophic character of Quakerism was very prevalent. There are several books, published at that period, which affect to consider them as theosophists and freemasons, connected with the lodges of initiation, adepts in the occult arts and sciences. We find this idea elaborated in a book published in 1656, entitled "*Witchcraft Cast Out; or, the Black Art discovered in the name of Quakers.*" It prevails, likewise, in the writings of Keith, who having been a Quaker, was displeased with the order, and became a clergyman of the English Church. An extraordinary book of Keith's composition lies before me, dated 1700; I will transcribe the title page:—"The *Magic of Quakerism; or, the Chief Mysteries of Quakerism laid open.*" To which are added a preface and postscript, relating to the Camisars, in answer to Mr. Lacy's preface to the "*Cry from the Desert.*" Keith, after drawing some distinctions between the spirit of Christianity and that of Quakerism, enters on two chapters treating on these points verbatim, "Of the Quakers' pretended spiritual discerning of what they call the power, life, and spirit, both in themselves and others,—that it is not divine, but natural and animal at most.—How this power is excited, and conveyed from them to others, by some natural magic fascination, or magnetism,

whereby they proselyte many to their way.—That the said natural magic fascination, or magnetism, is by the emission, or efflux of certain animal subtle effluvia, by the force of exalted imagination, and strong passions of love, joy, &c.—How the effluvia that comes from strong hatred and malice are poisonous and deadly.—What the most effectual antidote is against such.—Quotations from learned authors, that confirm the emission of such spirits," &c.

Keith's book is one of the many examples that may be brought forward of the early recognition of the system of animal magnetism, now called Mesmerism, with which theosophists have been acquainted time immemorial. The veritable existence and operation of this mysterious element, under certain conditions, we fully believe from our own experience—which, when we please, we can impress on others. But the best joke is Keith's supposition that the Quakers, as a body, are Mesmerists, and make their proselytes and converts by animal magnetism.

There is perhaps no religious sect, excepting the Jews, so *self-absorbed* as the Quakers. In one sense they are eminently exclusive; they almost idolize their own clique and party, and seek little fellowship and no amalgamation with those who are without their pale. Thus the Quakers, being especially fond of marrying in and in, and being withal considerably prolific, have established about a dozen grand clans or tribes throughout the world. These form, in fact, one huge family, the branches of which are all related and connected. The names of these tribes are sufficiently well known; for instance, the Foxes, the Barclays, the Reynoldses, the Prideauxes, the Frys, the Gurneys, &c. &c.

In politics the Quakers do far more good than harm. They do what they can to promote peace, which is the primary condition of all national prosperity; and they advance the various interests of political economy, in a method that must be eminently satisfactory to the ghost of Adam Smith. If some of their political tenets smell of the republicanism of the age that brought them forth—their saving doctrine of submission to the powers that be, deprives them of their sting. On the whole, they lead "quiet and peaceable lives in all godliness and honesty," and meddle not with those that are given to change. Though the children of light are not so wise in their generation as the children of the world, the Quakers so far manage to unite the innocence of the dove with the wisdom of the serpent as fairly to overreach Messrs. Mammon and Co., and get wealth without losing reputation. They are eminently kind to their own poor; and though they may deal with them rather reprimandingly on account of their imprudence, they manage to keep them from the scandal of mendicancy. Would that all sects would do the same by their poorer members.

In mental cultivation, the Quakers of old times have been much surpassed by those of more recent date. Among our contemporaries we can mention several, still associated with this sect, who decidedly excel in the different sciences and professions to which they have addicted themselves.

Nothing can be more evident to the cool spectator, than the fact

that the Quakers are an improving sect. The old school of formalising prigs is gradually opening and expanding into a society of Christian gentlemen and ladies, worthy of the name. Retaining the better ingredients of Quakerism, its spirituality, its equanimity, and self-discipline, they are throwing off the corrupted skin of puritanism, coarseness, and vulgarity. Their intelligence and sentiment are awakening to all that is sublime and beautiful in literature, poetry, and the fine arts. They have caught a glimpse of the resplendent series of developments of which human nature is susceptible, and they are dropping the puny prejudices and eccentricities that have so long disguised their real merits. The time is rapidly approaching when the last traces of narrow-mindedness, cant, and humbug, will be left off with the foppery of their habiliments and the slang of their language.

We have throughout these remarks endeavoured to do the Quakers real justice. He who takes his stand as a veritable Catholic, high and dry above all sects and parties, can afford to treat them with generosity, or, at least, with impartiality. He can praise their excellences without flattery, and censure their defects without malice. We delight to behold the gradual progress of that literary fairness, which especially characterises those who advocate truth rather than sectarianism. We rejoice that the age is gone by when the adversaries of Quakerism could publish books under titles of aspersion and opprobrium. To what extent this detestable abusiveness has prevailed with regard to the subject of our sketch, is too plainly evident from such books as the following:—John Deacon's "Public Discovery of the Secret Deceits of the Quakers," 1654; Weld's "Perfect Pharisee under Monkish Holiness; against the Blasphemous Delusions of the Quakers," 1654; Lupton's "Quaking Mountebank; or, Jesuit turned Quaker," 1655; Clapham's "Full Discovery and Confutation of the Wicked and Damnable Doctrines of the Quakers," 1656; Faldo's "Quakerism no Christianity;" Brown's "Quakerism the Pathway to Paganism; in Answer to Barclay's 'Apology,'" 1678; Bugg's "Seasonable Caveat against the Prevalence of Quakerism, with Spectacles for the Deluded Quakers;" Bugg's "Mystery of the Little Whore; or, Quakerism Unfolded," 1705. There are many similar works, the titles of which may be found in the *Watts' Bibliotheca Britannica* and the bibliographical dictionaries.

If we were asked to prophesy respecting the future fate and prospects of Quakerism, we should say, that as a system and a sect it will probably grow less and less distinguishable. Already has it lost that high-mantling and exuberant enthusiasm which ensures augmentation. It has renounced the stirring vitality of motive, and the aggressive character of action, which marked its earlier history. Many of its leading members have of late years been drafted off to other sections or regiments of the militant Church on earth. Some have left its conventicles because they conceived them to be heterodox or dull, not sufficiently exciting, or over strict. Some, complaining that Scripture and the doctrines of Scripture were not sufficiently recognised, have started new sects in England

and America, either better or worse. As new brooms sweep clean, most of these new sects have been exhibiting surprising energy : heaven only knows whether for good or evil. If they tend to augment the unity of the Church of Christ, they will be entitled to commendation ; if they aggravate its deplorable divisions, they will not escape from punishment.

Among the sects that have recently sprung out of Quakerism, we may notice the Crewdsonites, who have appointed Mr. Crewdson, author of the *Beacon*, to be a kind of bishop among them. There is another sect rejoicing in the diversified titles of Plymouth Brethren, Newtonites, Hallites, Darbyites, &c. &c. Another race of Yankee Quakers has arisen under the designation of Hicksites, a kind of familists who seem pretty frequently to dispense with Scripture and morality ; and a large surplus of them has gradually gone over to the Socinian Rationalists.

ABSENCE.

O ABSENCE paints in brighter hues
 Each scene where once our footsteps strayed !
 And through *its* glass the spirit views
 All in a dearer garb arrayed.
 We heed not then each trifling stain
 Which *present* to our eyes appeared ;
 We have no feeling but the pain
 Of separation from th' endeared.

The spot where once our boyhood's age
 Pored o'er the pedant's musty book,
 While tears were dropped on learning's page,
 And youthful forms with terror shook ;
 Ever in absence doth become
 A thing to which affection clings :
 Its pains forgot, we miss our home,
 Its trees, its flowers, its pleasant things.

The friend whose counsels (though we loved
 The giver) galled our youth's hot pride,
 Let *him* by absence be removed,
 How soon we miss him from our side !
 True, he might frown, but ah ! it is
 The *friend* we want in our exile :
 We valued more a frown of *his*,
 Than any stranger's worldly smile.

And dearer far than home and friends,
 The mistress whom our heart adores ;
 When o'er *her* image memory bends
 In absence, and its loss deplores.

O who would then recal each slight
 And fleeting cloud which once had passed
 O'er Love's horizon, now that night
 Its darkness o'er that sky has cast ?

It is not then the heart will stoop,
 On petty, fancied wrongs to dwell,
 Not while the spirit's pinions droop
 'Neath separation's deadly spell.
 Love and Regret their dazzling glow
 Cast o'er the absent day by day :
 This only feel we, only know
 That we are here, and *she* away.

O absence paints in brighter hues
 Each scene where once our footsteps strayed !
 And through *its* glass the spirit views
 All in a dearer garb arrayed.
 We heed not then each trifling stain
 Which *present* to our eyes appeared ;
 We have no feeling but the pain
 Of separation from th' endeared.

D. G. O.

BIOGRAPHY.

I.—CHARLES FOURIER.

[In the July Number of our Magazine, we gave some sketch of Fourier's system. Our readers well know that the Laureate Southey approved of Owen's plan of co-operation, apart from the absurd dogmas with which he has always connected his practical schemes. Some plan of Foreign and Domestic Colonisation, for the outlying and surplus population of all countries is needed. It is well, therefore, to investigate the subject: we do not recommend the plan of Fourier, we only propose it for examination. Some brief abstract of his Life may not be out of place here. It is written by a disciple—but is none the worse for that; the intelligent reader will be able to make the necessary abatements.]

CHARLES Fourier, was born at Besançon, in Franche Comté, on the 7th of April, 1772: he died at Paris, on the 10th of October, 1837. His father was a woollen-draper at Besançon, where he occupied the premises now held by Messieurs Ballanche, woollen-drappers, in that part of the Grand Rue which forms one of the angles of the Rue Baron. In that house Fourier was born; he breathed his last in his apartments, at No. 9, Rue St. Pierre, Montmartre, Paris. He was an only son, and the youngest of four children. One of his sisters, Madame Clerc, is still living at Besançon; another sister, Madame Parrat Brillat, is living at Belley, in the department of the Ain. The

third sister died a few years before her brother. Two of these sisters have children, and they are the only immediate branches of Fourier's family.

His maternal uncle, Francis Muguet, was a rich merchant at Besançon. In 1780, this uncle purchased the title of nobility, and when he died, he left a fortune of two millions of francs.

From his earliest infancy, Fourier manifested an indomitable tenacity of opinion when he believed himself right, notwithstanding the opposition he might meet with on the part of prejudiced authority. We have heard him state, that he was first induced to conceive an implacable hatred against falsehood, on being punished for telling the truth in his father's shop, when he was only five years of age. This act of injustice weighed so heavily on his mind that he never forgot it, and it is a remarkable fact, that he was speculating on the possibility of introducing practical truth and honesty in commercial operations, when he discovered the universal laws of harmony; the means of substituting truth and equity, instead of falsehood and oppression in all the branches of social intercourse. He was first led to perceive that agricultural association, and wholesale dealing was the only means of neutralising fraud and falsehood in commercial operations, and the difficulties of association, led him on till he discovered the theory of human instincts and desires, whence he progressed to the discovery of human destiny and the universal laws of attraction.

His sisters say that he was always very studious and very obstinate, even from infancy. In one of the old records of Besançon, for the year 1786, the only one in which the prizes gained in the college of that city are mentioned, it is stated that the two first prizes for French themes and Latin verses, in the third class, were gained the preceding year, 1785, by Charles Fourier. But we have heard him say that his earliest favourite study was geography; and that, when he was very young, his mother refusing to give him more than an ordinary allowance of pocket money, he used to have a secret understanding with his father to obtain extra money for buying large geographical charts and globes. He had an exquisite taste for cultivating flowers; and his sister relates that when he was a boy, he had one room so completely filled with flowers, that a narrow passage from the door to one of the windows, was the only space left unoccupied. His great pleasure consisted in cultivating all the different varieties of any favourite species of flower. He was also passionately fond of music, the theory of which he understood perfectly, though he was but an amateur in practice. Amongst other indications of reform in arbitrary methods, he has given a plan of musical notation, by which all the different voices and instruments may give the same name to the same note, instead of employing seven or eight different keys or particular scales. According to the present system, the same note occupies every position in the scale, so that eight different keys are required to explain eight different modes of notation, the function of the key being to shew the particular position of the fundamental note, on which the respective positions of all the other notes depend. But, musical dissertation would lead us from our story, to which we must return.

Fourier was as remarkable for his kindness and generosity, as for his

unflinching adherence to truth and justice; from his earliest youth to his last breathing, he was one and the same consistent character. A particular instance of his charity was revealed to his family when he left school to enter on his commercial career: as the college was not far from his father's house at Besançon, he slept at home, returning every morning to his class, and as he was always eccentric in his habits, it was not deemed extraordinary that he should breakfast earlier than every body else, or that he should take his meals irregularly, rather than conform to the regular hours of the rest of the family: after breakfasting alone, he was in the habit of putting in a paper, for lunch, whatever he thought fit in the way of bread, fruit, viands, &c. and as he was a growing boy, the quantity he took was not remarked, though sometimes it might have appeared considerable: but the whole secret was disclosed soon after he had left his father's house for Lyons. About a week after his departure, a poor old cripple came to the door and asked if the young gentleman was ill, and on being informed that he had left Besançon, the poor man burst into tears, and said he had lost his guardian angel, who used every morning to feed and comfort him. The first time Fourier wrote home, he begged of them to protect the old man, whom he had forgotten in the hurry of departure, and his request was complied with, but the helpless creature lost his all when he lost his comforter, and though still protected by his absent benefactor, he pined away and died, as much from grief it is supposed, as from infirmity.

On leaving school, Fourier was sent to Lyons, where he entered as clerk in a commercial house. He was then about eighteen years of age, and after remaining some time as clerk, he became particularly desirous of travelling. It was not long before he was able to indulge his taste, by obtaining the confidence of a very respectable house, whose business extended over a great part of the continent, and for whom Fourier travelled through Germany, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, and France. Two circumstances favoured his views in this respect: in the first place, commercial travellers were not so numerous then as they are now, and rapid circulation was deemed less essential; secondly, the death of his father had left him perfectly at ease in money matters, so that, in travelling for his commercial patrons, he was able to remain as long as he thought proper in each city, by paying the extra-expences incurred on his own account. An insatiable thirst for knowledge caused him to change frequently from one firm to another, and from one branch of commerce to another, notwithstanding the many advantageous offers which were made to retain him on account of his well known probity and sagacity. Sometimes he was employed at Rouen, sometimes at Bordeaux, Marseilles, or Lyons; but the last of these cities was his favourite resting-place: there he passed more than twenty years of his life. From 1822 to 1837 he resided chiefly in Paris.

Nothing that was remarkable escaped his observation in the course of his travels, nor was his memory less retentive than his other intellectual faculties were powerful and methodical. The climate, the soil, the rivers, hills, forests, &c.; the peculiarities of every province in every kingdom which he had visited, were regularly classed in his memory,

and critically compared one with another. The number of inhabitants of each city, and their respective pursuits of industry, the principal buildings, both public and private, their respective dimensions, beauties and defects, the width and direction of streets, the heights of houses, the nature of building materials, promenades, fountains, vistas, every thing notable, in fact, was seen by his observing eye, wherever he passed; and, when once he had properly observed, he never forgot even the most trifling details. It often happened that those who visited him were astonished to hear him explain the defects of public buildings, the insalubrious distribution of streets, and the particular improvements which might be made in their native cities, through which he had only passed once or twice in his life, and then remained, perhaps, not more than a few hours. They had passed a great part of their whole lives in their native cities, without ever noticing those details which he pointed out to them. We remember an instance of this nature concerning Metz. One of his friends, a military engineer, who had been long stationed in that city, and who, from his profession, was well acquainted with it, on hearing him comment learnedly and familiarly on its beauties and defects, the deformities of certain buildings, and the nature of the improvements which might easily be made, was led to suppose that Fourier had not only resided there many years, but that he had been employed as an edile of the city; on inquiring how long it was since Fourier had resided there, the answer was, that he had never resided there at all; that he had only been there once in his life, about thirty years before that time; and that he then only remained one day in that city: he was either going to, or returning from Germany; arriving in Metz early in the morning, he was obliged to wait for an evening coach, and, not knowing what to do with his time, he passed it in his usual recreation, that of observing the buildings and the neighbouring country. His prodigious facility for geographical and architectural studies, excites almost a superstitious belief in his providential mission for discovering the natural destiny of humanity upon earth. He never walked in the streets, or entered a public building, nor even a private house, without remarking the peculiarities of distribution, with their beauties, defects, conveniences, &c., as well as the improvements which might be made in them. His walking-stick was regularly marked off in feet and inches, and every thing remarkable which met his eye, was instantly reduced to measurement and calculation.

He studied almost every branch of science, so as to acquire, at least, a general knowledge of each, and their relative degrees of importance in a universal point of view. The mathematical, physical, chemical, and natural sciences were those which he cultivated most: the metaphysical, political, moral, and economical sciences he abandoned as soon as he found their doctrines were based on arbitrary and uncertain principles. He discarded every thing which was not rigorously derived from the laws of nature, deeming it absolute loss of time to study arbitrary rules, even where they are more or less indispensable, as in languages; he paid little or no attention to rules of grammar and logical sophistry. He had a correct knowledge of Latin, but he gave himself no trouble to learn modern languages; he

even neglected to acquire a critical knowledge of his native idiom, the French. This neglect of languages, was caused more by a positive knowledge of their imperfections, than by a natural distaste for the acquisition of words: one of his earliest discoveries revealed to him the natural scale of variety in the sounds of the human voice, and, as the most simple sounds were forty eight in number, he saw the confusion which must necessarily arise, from the fragmentary attempts to represent a compound multiplicity of these distinct sounds, by means of twenty or thirty simple letters. Having also discovered the natural laws by which names should be given to things, he was aware of the inconveniences which must arise from an arbitrary system of forming words: that different persons would attach different meanings to the same word, appeared to him a natural consequence of the arbitrary formation of languages, and, as it is impossible for one man, or one generation to remedy evils of this nature, he contented himself by indicating the natural process of reform, when society should be sufficiently advanced to think of undertaking such an operation. One of his principal rules of study was, "to observe nature as she reveals her laws, rather than delude himself by imagining or learning arbitrary principles."

In 1793, Fourier received about four thousand pounds (one hundred thousand francs), as his share of the property left by his father, after a suitable provision had been made for his mother. With this sum he commenced business in Lyons. He embarked the whole of his capital in colonial produce, but his little fortune was destined to perish in the revolutionary tempest which at that time desolated his unhappy country. The raw materials and spices which he had purchased at Marseilles, had not been long in his possession, when Lyons was besieged by the troops of the convention; the town was taken, ransacked, and partially destroyed, and Fourier lost all his property. To complete his ruin, a vessel laden with goods which he had purchased at Leghorn, was wrecked on its way to Marseilles; so that, in less than one year, he lost every thing he possessed in the world. Not only did he lose all his property, but he was in constant danger of losing his life.

Exasperated at the bloodthirsty conduct of the convention which then ruled the destiny of France, the city of Lyons rose up in arms against the tyranny of the government, and a desperate struggle was made to free themselves from the yoke of terror, but all efforts were vain. The city was regularly besieged; and during sixty days the inhabitants made an obstinate and courageous defence. Fourier's bales of cotton were taken, with thousands of others, to erect temporary barriers; his rice, sugar, coffee, &c., were sacrificed in a general seizure for the support of the hospitals, and the nourishment of those who were engaged in repelling the enemy. All the able-bodied men were obliged to take arms in defence of the city, and on one occasion during the siege, Fourier escaped narrowly with his life: he was one of a body of men ordered to sally out and attack the besiegers, and he was almost the only one who ever returned: the greater part of them being undisciplined militia, were cut to pieces by the cavalry of the conventionalists.

On the 9th of October, 1793, the city was obliged to surrender, and thousands of the inhabitants were slaughtered on a wholesale scale, for having rebelled against government. A great part of the city was demolished, and the whole of it was doomed to destruction, if a sudden change had not taken place in the National Assembly. Fourier was thrown into prison, where he remained five days, for having taken arms in defence of the city; he was destined to perish either on the scaffold, or in one of the divisions which were butchered on a wholesale plan. The fact of his having escaped may be deemed a miracle. This method of dispatching whole bodies of unfortunate citizens, by firing grape shot amongst them, was invented by the blood-thirsty Proconsuls, sent by the Convention to punish the population of Lyons; and the infernal massacre was called "*national justice*."

We have heard Fourier say that he saved his life by telling lies three different times in one day; and that notwithstanding his horror of falsehood and lying, he had never felt the slightest remorse for having made that exception to the heavenly laws of truth. If we remember right, the erroneous statements he had to make, as an excuse for having taken arms against the Conventionals, were, that he was not a merchant, but merely an agent, and that he had been forced to enter the *city militia* against his will: that he had no alternative but that of entering the city ranks, or being sacrificed to the fury of the inhabitants.

After being released from prison he was several times visited by the agents of government, and only escaped the rigours of incarceration by abandoning to their cupidity all the money and articles of value which had escaped from the general wreck. When he had neither money nor clothes to satisfy their avarice, they took from him the only thing remaining in his possession, a beautiful collection of geographical maps and charts.

In this state of destitution, with his health declining from anxiety, privation, and fatigue, he escaped from Lyons and returned to his home at Besançon. Here, again, he was incarcerated as a suspicious person, because he did not join the revolutionists, and he only saved his life by conforming to the general requisition, which forced all ranks, sexes, and ages into the national service. This decree of the National Convention of France is one of the most extraordinary features in modern history. It commences thus:—

"23rd of August, 1793.

"*Art. 1st.*—From this day until the enemy shall be driven from the territories of the Republic, every French subject is under permanent requisition for the service of the army.

"All single men shall proceed to the field of battle. All married men shall forge arms and carry provisions for the army. All women shall be occupied in the service of the hospitals, in making clothes for the military, awning for tents, &c. &c. All children shall be made useful in preparing lint for the wounded; and all the aged, who are unfit for active service, shall be carried into the public places, to animate the courage of the youthful, excite an eternal hatred against kings, and inculcate the principles of unity in the Republic.

Art. 2nd.—All public buildings shall be used as barracks; all

public places and squares shall be converted into workshops for forging arms; the earth of cellars shall be washed to extract salt-petre, for making powder.

"*Art. 7th.*—The rise shall be general. All single men, from 18 to 25 years of age, and widowers who have no children, will march immediately to the head-quarters of their district, where they shall be regularly drilled to the use of arms until they are called upon to join the army.

"*Art. 18th.*—The present decree shall be circulated throughout France by means of special couriers."

To this peremptory requisition, Fourier, then about 22 years of age, was obliged to conform; and, being a light active man, he was drafted into the eighth regiment of "*Chasseurs à cheval*," a sort of light dragoons. He joined the army of the Rhine-and-Moselle, in which he remained about two years. He obtained his discharge on account of ill-health, at Vesoul, on the 24th of January, 1795. His discharge from the army was found amongst his papers after his death, and with it was found a letter from CARNOT, the celebrated Minister of War during the time of the French Republic. In this letter CARNOT acknowledges the receipt of a letter from Fourier, containing "*important observations*" relative to a plan for facilitating the march of the French troops in their passage across the Alps to the Rhine.

It is probable that his discharge was obtained through the influence of Colonel Brincour, who had married a Miss Pion, one of Fourier's cousins. He was incorporated in Colonel Brincour's regiment during his service in the army.

On obtaining his liberty, he entered again as clerk in a commercial house, pursuing his studies with perseverance whenever he had leisure. In 1799 he was employed at Marseilles, in a wholesale warehouse, and in the early part of the year was charged with a commission which gave a powerful stimulus to his favourite speculation, of introducing the practice of truth and honesty in commercial dealings. He was chosen to superintend a body of men while they secretly cast an immense quantity of rice into the sea. (*In the hope of realising a great profit, this rice had been kept till it was completely spoiled*). France had been suffering from exceeding scarcity during the past year; and notwithstanding the risk of famine amongst the people, these secret monopolisers of corn had allowed their stores to rot, rather than sell them at a reasonable profit. These abuses of monopoly, and many other fraudulent operations of commerce, with which Fourier was well acquainted, appeared to him in the light of real crimes against humanity, and he thenceforth resolved upon studying incessantly until he had discovered, not the means of detecting and punishing, but of permanently and effectually preventing them. This *holy* resolution, if we may be allowed the expression, was crowned with success before the end of the year, in 1799.

Fourier discovered the universal laws of attraction, and the essential destiny of humanity upon earth.

From his earliest youth, the great object of his ambition had been to discover the means of introducing truth, honesty, and economy in commercial operations. Being himself engaged in mercantile pursuits,

his natural love of truth, and obstinate adherence to equity, were daily and hourly thwarted by the common practices of his profession. His predominant passion being constantly irritated, left him no respite from the task he had undertaken, notwithstanding the endless difficulties he encountered. Something or other constantly occurred to give him new courage in continuing the pursuit of inquiry, which had been several times well nigh abandoned, in the despondency of impossibility. Besides the every-day practice of lying and cheating in trade, there were certain anomalies which made an indelible impression on his memory. We have already mentioned the impression left on his mind by the injustice of being punished for speaking the truth in his father's shop, when he was only an infant; another fact which had a powerful influence in directing his thoughts, happened when he was about eighteen years of age: shortly after leaving school, he was allowed to visit Paris: it was in the year 1790, and his first visit to the capital. The things which attracted his attention most were the Boulevards, the public monuments, the general styles of building, and excessive dearness of all the necessaries of life. One circumstance in particular seemed a most revolting instance of mercantile extortion: being exceedingly fond of fruit, he was obliged to pay *seven-pence for one apple*, of a particular sort, which he had often purchased at the rate of three-farthings a dozen in the country. This instance of a simple commodity like fruit, being augmented to one hundred and twelve times its original value, seemed to him an almost incredible anomaly. It is true that the year 1790 was an exceptional period in France; but the circumstance of the apple was not the less remarkable for its influence on Fourier's mind. From that period to 1799, a lapse of nine years, he laboured incessantly to accomplish his favorite project, but all his efforts were inadequate to the task:—the more he advanced in science and a true knowledge of the world, the more his hopes were chilled by the deep shadow of impossibility. Despair of success, however, did not quench his thirst for science in general; and, as we have already stated, he was again induced to resume his favorite meditation, by the painful idea of monopoly forcing the people to starve while an abundance of provision was exposed to rot in the secret clutch of guilty speculation.

Those who take an interest in oddities, may find a subject of curious remark in the history of four apples: a striking contrast between the influence of two apples in antiquity, and two in modern history. According to tradition, the two first were the causes of original sin, and the celebrated Trojan War; the other two have been instrumental in causing the discovery of the universal laws of attraction: the material branch by Newton, and the spiritual branch by Fourier; those of antiquity were the causes of discord and suffering; those of modern date, highly influential in effecting harmony and happiness.

His first inquiries concerning commerce, led him to discover the evils of incoherence and jarring individual interests. He perceived that the only possible means of introducing truth, equity, and economy in productive and distributive industry, was by means of agricultural association and wholesale trade. This discovery only increased the difficulty of realising his favorite project—commercial honesty. He

was under the necessity of discovering the practical means of associating human beings, with their natural instincts and tastes, diversity of character and conflicting opinions, before he could proceed; but he was encouraged in his task, by a firm conviction of such a practical science existing in principle, and only remaining to be discovered in order to be applied. The immense advantages of economy, rapidity, equity, education, and science, which he saw might be realised by association, thoroughly convinced him that Providence had pre-ordained society as the natural destiny of man, and he believed that these pre-ordained laws of association were permanently revealed in the general laws of nature. He found that attraction and repulsion were the two principal laws by which the Creator governs the world, and in order to obtain a complete knowledge of these laws, he resolved to study simultaneously the highest and lowest orders of creation in the universe. He considered the stars as the highest order of creation, mankind as the middle term, and the inferior orders of creation as the lowest step in the scale. He supposed that there must be certain general laws of unity common to these three orders of existence, or it would be impossible for them to compose one harmonious whole; and he hoped that by studying all that was known in the positive sciences concerning them, he might discover the natural laws of correlativeness, which bind them together in unity and eternity. His principal lever in the work of discovery was a sort of algebraical calculation, by which he supposed every law that was common to any two of these general terms, must be common to the third; and he never abandoned any branch of study until he had discovered those principles of nature which were common to the medium and the two extremes.

His first discovery was the universality of distribution, according to a law of ascending and descending progression, in every order of the creation from the highest to the lowest degree of animate and inanimate beings. This law of progressive distribution he termed *SERIES*: accordingly, the first grand axiom which he established was this—“*All the harmonies of the universe are distributed in progressive series.*”

Having observed perfect analogy in the different orders of creation in the universe, he was led to infer, that, as the Creator was one and the same being, infinite and eternal, in his attributes, there must necessarily be a principle of unity and analogy in all his creations: that the CREATION must necessarily be a reflection of the attributes of the CREATOR; that the Creator being all in all, it was impossible for him to paint or represent any thing but himself in the creation. If he had represented anything foreign to his own attributes, that something must exist independently; and, in that case, the Deity would not be infinite. Such an hypothesis being perfectly absurd, we must admit that the Creator is infinite, and that it would be impossible for him to create any thing which was not analagous to some of his own attributes. From these considerations, Fourier derived his second axiom—“*The Creator being one infinite harmonious being, every thing in nature must be an imitation of his own attributes, and therefore there exists a universal analogy in every order of creation.*”

Considering attraction and repulsion as the universal laws of nature, and God as the original distributor of all sorts of attraction, it is perfectly rational to infer, that the respective faculties or impulses of

attraction and repulsion in all orders of beings, are distributed exactly in proportion to their respective functions in the general harmony of the universe: the *affinity* which binds the atom to the atom, the attractive power which governs the harmony of the planets, the *affections* which bind human beings to each other in society, are only so many different modes of the one universal law of attraction and repulsion; and from this self-evident induction, Fourier derived his third general axiom: "*The permanent attractions and repulsions of every being in the creation, are exactly in proportion to their respective functions and real destinies in the universe.*"

With these three axioms for his guides, he set out in quest of the grand principle of association and unity. The first thing to be discovered was, an exact knowledge of the nature of man; his natural impulses, attractions, and repulsions. The second object for consideration was, the progressive distribution of these faculties according to the general laws of *series*, which regulate the harmony of the universe: the third fact to be ascertained was, the analogy between the newly discovered principles, and the other known laws of nature, as a confirmation or refutation of the discovery.

It would be superfluous to enter further into these details at present; they will be fully developed in the following treatise.

About the time of his discovery, Fourier returned to Lyons, and as he was not able to devote the whole of his time to study, he endeavoured to combine his favourite pursuits with a slight occupation, which would procure him the common necessities of life. To be constantly confined in a warehouse or counting-house, would have occupied too much of his time; he preferred being free, and gaining less: he became what, in France, is termed "*Courtier-Marron*" a sort of unlicensed commercial agent. This function, occupying very little of his time, formed a valuable link between practical application to business, and theoretical speculations concerning society. It is probable, that this every-day recurrence to the actual practices of the world, formed a very wholesome check to the illusions of theory; for no philosopher ever wandered so little from the confines of reality, or progressed so far in the intricate mazes of actuality, as Fourier: his most transcendent speculations are traced through analogy, down to the lowest orders of creation, the insect, and the atom; his critical analysis of history and existing society proceeds from the most minute details of every-day life, to the highest considerations of national policy. His favourite method of demonstration, consisted in contrasting the infinitely small, with the infinitely great, according to that universal law of nature, *the contact of extremes*, in every branch of the creation, in every series of natural classification.

While occupied in elaborating the principles of his discovery, he sometimes wrote political articles in the public journals. On the 17th of December, 1803, he published a short article in the "*Bulletin de Lyon*," heading it thus:—"A Continental Triumvirate and Permanent Peace in less than Thirty Years." He supposes that Europe is approaching to a crisis which will put an end to war, and commence an era of universal peace. Amongst the great continental powers, he supposes Prussia will fall a victim to the ravages of war, and that Russia, France, and Austria, will form a triumvirate which will predominate in Europe; and

as all triumvirates are composed of two rivals and one dupe, he supposes Austria the probable prey of the other two powers, who would fight for supremacy on the fallen remains of their prey. The conqueror he supposes would become master of the universe, for England would not be able to resist the overgrown power of such a rival. Her Indian possessions would be seized, her maritime monopoly abolished, and general peace secured under the influence of a superior power. These were the probable results which he foresaw in European policy, and the general tenor of the article was, advice to France concerning the policy which she ought to pursue in such circumstances. "Instead of wasting her resources in fighting for colonial and mercantile freedom," said he, "she ought to be prepared for the final struggle with Russia, which will be inevitable. If she neglects these precautions, and continues her chimerical policy with regard to commercial regulations, she will be outwitted by the Russians, who will not be long before they realise the predictions of Montesquieu concerning their supremacy."

The humiliation of Prussia and Austria, and the final rivalry between France and Russia, took place exactly as he had predicted, but fortunately for Europe, the Russians were ignorant of the advantages of their position, and lost the opportunity of seizing their prey: they may not, however, always remain as ignorant as they were then; and, as we shall elsewhere shew, they are still to be either disarmed by the other European powers, or become the destroyers of civilisation in Europe. It is vain to suppose that the Russians are becoming more civilised by their commerce with other nations: they are becoming more powerful barbarians by taking advantage of modern inventions. Their apparent interest and natural policy are different from the policy and interest of every other power in Europe. In 1808, Fourier, speaking of incoherent civilisation in general, expressed the following opinion concerning Russian policy:—"In our own times, civilisation has been within a hair's breadth of destruction. The wars of the revolution might have ended in the invasion of France, and the political dissolution of the kingdom; after which, Russia and Austria would have divided Europe between them; and, in their final struggle for supremacy, Russia would probably remain victorious, and give the death-blow to civilisation in Europe."

The emperor Napoleon instructed the secretary of police at Lyons, to inquire who was the author of the article on the probability of a Continental Triumvirate, and when the printer of the Journal informed him that it was a commercial agent who wrote it, no further inquiry was made. It is a remarkable fact, that the printer alluded to, has since become the celebrated philosopher, M. Ballanche, and it is not improbable that Fourier's writings and conversations were the original ground-work of Ballanche's philosophical speculations.

In 1808, Fourier published his first work, under the title of "*Théorie des quatre Mouvements*,"—the theory of universal attraction and repulsion. The first volume was merely a prospectus of the work, intended to procure the means of publishing the rest by subscription; but little or no notice being taken of the prospectus, the publication was suspended. He had bestowed eight years' labour in working out the principles of his discovery, before he attempted to publish them, and having discovered that certain parts of his theory were still incomplete when he published

the first volume, he resolved to withdraw it from circulation, and continue his studies. After seven years' additional elaboration, he was preparing to go to press, when Napoleon returned from the island of Elba, in 1815, and France was again thrown into a state of agitation. During the short reign from the time of his return from Elba until the Battle of Waterloo, the Emperor Napoleon named the Count Fourier Prefect of the department of the Rhone, and the Count placed his name-sake, Charles Fourier, at the head of the statistical department of that provincial government. On the return of the Bourbons, Fourier retired to his sister's, at Tallissien, that he might quietly continue the preparation of his manuscripts. This sister was a widow, living in a country village near Belley, where her husband had been sub-prefect, a function similar to that of county-sheriff in England. He had another sister living at Belley, where Fourier resided chiefly from 1816 to 1821. Several of his nephews are now residing in that neighbourhood. One of them is a barrister, another a notary (a conveyancing attorney).

As he always led a very quiet and studious life, little is known of his particular habits and private transactions during his residence at Lyons from 1799 to 1816, but it is probable that they were in every way similar to his general bearing from that time to his death. He was thoughtful and reserved; more studious of comforting and assisting the poor, who surrounded him, than desirous of flattering the rich, or courting their acquaintance. Indeed, he had an absolute dislike to them; because they are generally hypocritical in proportion to their pretensions to politeness and good breeding. In the present state of society, falsehood and dissimulation are the very essence of politeness. Morality, justice, and the love of truth were the principal features of his private character. He was very moderate in his eating and drinking; but particularly desirous of obtaining the best quality of every thing, free from adulteration. He used to say that half the things we eat and drink are poisoned by adulteration, which is only one of the many evils of individual competition and *incoherent* civilisation. From a continual habit of study, he had acquired the habits and manners of a hermit, lived almost entirely alone, and appeared to avoid long conversations with strangers. He lived and died a bachelor; almost as great a stranger to his own family as to the rest of society. This taciturnity increased as he advanced in years; for those who knew him when young say that he was very lively and witty. General Pajol relates that he was in the habit of dining with him every day for several years, at a table d'hôte in Lyons, while Fourier resided in that city; and that his wit and gaiety rendered him the admiration of all who knew him. Even in later years, particularly during the two last years of his life, he was cheerful and communicative with those persons whom he knew intimately, and who had the good fortune to possess his confidence. About four months before he died, on asking him for an explanation of certain parts of his theory, as we were wont to do whenever we met with a difficult point, he was more than usually gay, and in order to give a clear idea of one of the words which he used, he declaimed, with appropriate action, several verses from Molière, in which his meaning was happily expressed. Though we had been in the habit of conversing with him frequently, this was the first time we ever saw him laugh heartily. We had often seen him good-humoured, communi-

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cative, and wittily sarcastic; but the slightest indication of a smile was rarely seen on his lips.

Having withdrawn his first work from circulation, a few copies only were in the hands of the public, and no notice had been taken publicly either of him or his system. In 1814, however, one of those copies which were in circulation fell by chance in the way of an inquiring mind at Besançon, Fourier's native city; and the gentleman, M. Just Muiron, who had accidentally come in possession of the book, was so much struck with its originality, the sublime simplicity of the theory it announced, the immense importance of the discovery, if it were practicable, that he immediately resolved to find out the author, and learn more of the subject. This was no easy matter, as the book had been printed at Leipsic without indicating either the name or address of the author: the only clue to his residence was contained in a paragraph relative to the subscription for publishing the rest of the work. Those who were desirous of subscribing were referred to M. Charles, at Lyons. It was not until the beginning of the year 1816, that Muiron succeeded in discovering the retreat of Fourier at Belley. When informed of his real residence, he wrote to Fourier to inquire about the rest of the publication, and received a very simple, polite, and friendly answer. The correspondence was continued for some time; and Muiron, more and more convinced of the truth and importance of the discovery, became the intimate friend and the first disciple of Fourier.

Muiron soon became more anxious than Fourier himself concerning the publication of the system, now almost complete in every detail, and he offered to advance money for the necessary expenses. As Fourier had saved a little money, and had inherited about forty pounds a-year from his mother, he lived very economically, and laboured incessantly to prepare his manuscript for the press; but the materials were so immense, that nearly four years were occupied in the laborious undertaking. The publication was again purposely delayed by a new discovery which Fourier made in 1819; and though this discovery related principally to cosmogony, he deemed it prudent to delay publishing until he had thoroughly verified the unity and universality of his whole discovery. Having fully satisfied himself of the correctness of every part, he removed to Besançon in 1821, where the two first volumes of his great work were printed. In 1822, they were published, under the modest title of *A Treatise on Domestic and Agricultural Association*; and he went to Paris in the hope of having them favourably reviewed, as a means of obtaining the necessary funds for realising the practical part of his system. After remaining more than twelve months in vain, he found that money was the only means of obtaining notice in journals and reviews; and his funds being exhausted, his book was left unnoticed. In this position he had no resource but that of patience. Not being able to live on forty pounds a-year in Paris, he was obliged to employ a part of his time in procuring the necessary means of subsistence. He returned to Lyons, where he remained about a year; but finding it inconvenient to be absent from the capital, he became corresponding clerk to a commercial house in the Rue du Mail in Paris, and remained five years without obtaining any serious review of his work, or making himself known to any influential person. At the end of that time, his friends

in the country advised him to publish an abridgement of his work, which would be cheaper and less scientific. In accordance with this advice, he published a methodical elementary treatise in 1829. This volume met with the same reception as the others—absolute silence on the part of journalists and reviewers. Fourier still remained in Paris, sending his book to everybody he thought likely to understand it, and take an interest in the realisation of his theory. Silence and indifference, however, were still the only result of his efforts to obtain publicity, until a lucky occurrence brought him into notice in 1832.

In the beginning of that year, a new mystico-religious sect of economists, calling themselves St. Simonians, made a great noise in Paris by their preachings and writings. Fourier had sent his works to the teachers of these new doctrines as early as the year 1830, informing them of the possibility of realising immediately that social regeneration for which they appeared so anxious in their predications. Instead of listening to the simplicity of Fourier's advice, they deemed themselves vastly superior to everybody else, and gave him to understand they were perfectly competent to the task which they had undertaken. They did not, however, neglect to read his works privately, adopting many of his principles without acknowledging the source from which they had drawn them, until, at length, several of their proselytes, who were really serious in their convictions, abandoned the illusive theories of St. Simonism, and publicly professed the principles of Fourier. It may not be improper to observe here, that these principles are directly opposed to all systems of community, and that it is quite erroneous to confound Fourier with Owen. Soon after the desertion of Transon, Le Chevalier, Paget, Lemoyne, and several other learned and influential men, the St. Simonians were dispersed, and a weekly journal was commenced for the diffusion of Fourier's principles of association and progressive policy. This journal, called *La Reforme Industrielle*, was conducted with spirit, and obtained many adherents to its principles. A joint-stock company was formed to realise the new theory of association; and one gentleman, M. Baudet Dulary, member of parliament for the county of Seine and Oise, bought an estate which cost him five hundred thousand francs (twenty thousand pounds sterling) for the express purpose of putting the theory in practice. Operations were actually commenced, but for want of sufficient capital to erect buildings and stock the farm, the whole operation was paralysed; and notwithstanding the natural cause of cessation, the simple fact of stopping short after having commenced operations, made a very unfavourable impression upon the public mind. Success is the only criterion with the indolent and indifferent, who do not take the trouble to reason on circumstances and accidental difficulties.

Fourier was very much vexed at the precipitation of his partisans, who were too impatient to wait until sufficient means had been obtained. They argued, that the fact of having commenced operations would attract the attention of capitalists, and ensure the necessary funds: he begged them to beware of illusion; told them how he had been deceived himself in having to wait more than twenty years for a simple hearing, which, from the importance of his discovery, he had fully expected to obtain immediately. All his entreaties were in vain. They told him he

had not obtained a hearing sooner because he was not accustomed to the duplicity of intrigue; and, confident in their own judgement, commenced without hesitation, and were taught, at the expense of their own imprudence, to appreciate more correctly the sluggish indifference of an ignorant public.

Since that time, numerous partisans have been recruited amongst the learned and influential classes in France; many elementary works have been written on social science, and the epoch of a successful realisation is probably near at hand; but Fourier himself has descended into the tomb, as a martyr to the sceptical indifference of the age in which he lived. Sent by Providence to deliver humanity from the bondage of incoherence, to discover the promised land of peace and happiness, and bid the suffering multitude to enter and be glad, his body, worn with years, and exhausted with fatigue, yielded the spirit on the eve of success, that his soul might be crowned with a glory in heaven worthy of its more than terrestrial perseverance in the cause of truth and justice upon earth.

More than once he was deluded by the apparent probability of realising his theory before he left this world, but some unfortunate accident always stepped in to bar his hopes. In the beginning of the year 1830, Fourier was introduced to the Baron Capella, then minister of the Crown for the department of Public Works; and that gentleman was studying the theory with a view to put it in practice, when the Revolution of July broke out, and dethroned the elder branch of the Bourbons. On the 24th of July, the baron wrote to Fourier, saying that he was obliged to suspend for a while his examination of the system, on account of an extraordinary press of state business. The next day, the 25th of July, Charles X. issued the celebrated "*ordonnances*;" and three days later, the monarch was dethroned and his ministers dispersed. Fourier's best founded hopes were dissipated in a moment, and he was again reduced to the necessity of seeking for the means of realisation amongst sceptical, indifferent, and ignorant strangers.

In 1835, he published the first part of another volume, entitled *False Industry*. There is little in this work which had not been given in his earlier publications, if we except the spirited criticisms which it contains on incoherence generally. He was on the eve of publishing the second part, when he was cut short in his career by the unsparing hand of death. There remained but one chapter to write, which he was obliged to defer on account of the rapidly declining state of his health. As those chapters which were written had been printed, he was asked, as an especial favour, to have a copy stitched before the work was complete. In compliance with this request, four copies were prepared in an incomplete state; and, as he did not live to finish the work, it is worthy of remark that the last words he wrote were,

"Exegi monumentum ære perennius."

In the early part of 1837, he met with a very serious accident, from which he never thoroughly recovered. On returning home rather later than usual one dark night, he missed his footing on the staircase, and in falling down two pair of stairs, his skull was fractured in a dreadful manner. The wound was healed in the course of a few months, but he never recovered his health. His strength failed him, his features be-

came totally changed by swelling, his stomach refused the functions of digestion, and his whole frame was evidently hurrying on to dissolution.

Having no confidence in medical science, he constantly refused all medical aid. Though two of his intimate friends were physicians, he neglected their prescriptions, and confided in his own judgement. He had a particular dislike to being surrounded by servants and friends during his illness: accustomed to being alone, he preferred solitude to the tiresome assiduities of officious persons. He would not allow any one to attend him during his illness but the old woman who was in the habit of serving him on ordinary occasions. Many of his friends offered to sit up with him, and remain in the adjoining room that he might not be disturbed by their presence, but he refused peremptorily. He would not even allow the old woman to remain with him after midnight. He was perfectly sensible to the last moment. On the eve of his death, he sent the servant to bed about twelve o'clock, requesting her to be up at five the next morning. When she went to see how he was at the appointed hour, she found him out of bed. He had had the energy to get up, and go to the night table; and as he was making an effort to return, his spirit fled, and the dead body was left kneeling at the bedside. He could not have been long dead, as his corpse was warm two hours afterwards.

His body was embalmed, his head and bust were moulded, and the conformation of his brain was minutely analysed. He was buried on the 11th of October, in the cemetery of Montmartre; and on his tomb are engraved the three fundamental axioms of his doctrine:—

1. "La SERIE distribue les HARMONIES.
2. "Les ATTRACTIONS sont proportionnelles aux DESTINÉES.
3. ANALOGIE UNIVERSELLE.

The third axiom is represented by mathematical symbols, instead of being expressed in words.

HUGH DOHERTY.

THE SECOND PART OF GÖTHE'S FAUST.

TRANSLATED TO RHYTHMICAL PROSE BY LEOPOLD J. BERNAYS.

(Concluded from page 343.)

Great Forecourt of the Palace.

Torches.

Mephistopheles (leading the way as Overseer).

Come on, come on! come in, come in!
Ye Lemures, ye loose ones;
Composed of sinews, nerves, and bone,
Ye patched up demi-natures.

Chorus of Lemures.

At once we hasten to thy beck,
As we half understood it;

A piece of wide and marshy land
 It is that we should rescue.
 The pointed stakes, they all are there,
 The lengthy chains for measuring ;
 But why the call was made on us,
 We have it quite forgotten.

Mephistopheles.

There needs no artist-trouble here ;
 Only proceed by your own measure ;
 The longest here lie lengthways down,
 Ye others lift the sod up round about him ;
 As they for our fathers did.
 Here deepen ye a lengthy square !
 From palace to the narrow house,
 So foolishly at last the end runs out.

Lemures (digging with bantering gestures).

How young I was, and lived and loved,
 Meseems that was so pleasant ;
 In joyful sound and pleasing path,
 There were my feet still moving.

But now, alas ! hath with his crutch
 Old age malicious hit me ;
 I stumbled over the grave's door,
 Why was it just then open !

Faust (stepping out of the Palace feels his way by the door-posts).

How much the clang of spades doth me delight !
 It is the crowd which doth me socage,
 And with itself earth reconcileth,
 And places boundary to the waves,
 And ocean with strong bond surrounds.

Mephistopheles (aside).

For us alone thou workest now,
 Both with your damms and with your scaffolds ;
 For thou for Neptune, the sea-devil,
 A mighty feast art now preparing.
 In every way there's nought but ruin ;—
 The elements with us are all united,
 And onward to destruction all proceeds.

Faust. Overseer !

Mephistopheles.

Here !

Faust.

As many as you can,
 Bring crowds, and still fresh crowds of workmen.
 Cheer them by strictness or enjoyment,
 Pay and entice and force them in !
 Each day I must have proper information,
 How much is lengthened the ditch undertaken.

Mephistopheles (aloud).

They speak, as if they gave me an account
Not of a ditch indeed, but of a grave.*

Faust. A marsh lies by the mountain there,
And poisons all we've gained already;
To drain away that foul pool too,
The last would be the highest conquest.
I should then open space for many millions,
Not safe indeed, but yet quite free to dwell in.
Green are the fields, and fruitful; men and cattle
Upon the newest soil would dwell contented,
Quick settled down upon the firm strong hill,
Which my bold busy people up have raised.
Within there 'd be a Paradisian land,
Outside might rage the flood, e'en to the brink,
And as with power in to rush they nibble,
The people haste to stop the hole together.
Yes! to this feeling I have quite surrendered,
Wisdom's last resolution 'tis;
For he alone deserves his life as freedom
Who daily for it conquer must.
And thus will pass, with danger compassed round,
Youth, man, and aged, all their active life.
I willingly would such a throng behold,
Upon free ground with a free people stand;
Then might I say unto the moment,
Remain awhile, thou art so fair!
The traces of my earthly course shall never—
No! not with ages pass away.
Anticipating such vast, lofty joy,
I now enjoy the highest moment here.

(He sinks back, the Lemures lay hold of him and lay him on the ground).

Mephistopheles.

No pleasure satiates him, no joy contents,
Thus e'er he wooeth forms for ever changing;
The final, bad, poor empty moment still,
The wretch still wishes fast to hold it.
Who me so powerfully withstood
Time conquers him, the old man lies on earth.
The clock stands still—

Chorus.

Stands still! 'tis as the midnight still.

The index falls.

Mephistopheles. It falls, 'tis finished all.

Chorus.

Now is it past.

* Another pun occurs here, I am afraid not translatable. The German for ditch and grave is respectively *Graben* and *Grab*.

Mephistopheles.

Past ! 'tis a stupid word,
 And why is 't past ?
 Past and pure nothing are at last the same !
 What profits then eternal making !
 To sweep away what is created !
 " There ; it is past !" From that what can you gather ?
 It is as good as had it ne'er existed,
 And yet, as if it had, moves in the circle.
 I should prefer the emptiness eternal.

BURIAL.

Lemur. (Solo).

Who has his house so badly built,
 With spades and eke with shovels ?

Lemures. (Chorus).

For thee sad guest in thy hempen robe
 'Tis builded much too finely.

Lemur. (Solo).

Who has decked out the hall so ill ?
 Where are the chairs and table ?

Lemures. (Chorus).

It was borrowed for a short, short time,
 The creditors are so many.

Mephistopheles.

The body 's there, and if the soul would fly,
 I'd quickly show the blood-inscribed paper ;
 So many ways they 've now, the more 's the pity,
 Souls from the Devil's grasp to drag.
 One knocks upon the ancient way,
 Upon the new we 're not commended :
 Or else I should have done alone,
 But now I must procure assistants.

In all things badly we get on !
 Established custom, ancient right,
 One can on nothing certain reckon.
 Erst fled the soul with the departing breath,
 I watched for it, and like the swiftest mouse,
 Snap ! in my fast shut claws at once I had it.
 Now it delays and will not leave the house
 Filthy of the vile corpse, its gloomy station ;
 Until the elements who hate it
 Drive it at last dishonourably forth.
 And when for days and hours myself I 've troubled,
 When ? How ? And where ? Is still the horrid question.
 Old death has lost his rapid strength,

The "whether?" is long doubtful now;
Oft have I well pleased gazed upon stiff members;
It was but sham, it moved again arising.

(Fantastic foglemanlike gestures of conjuration).

Come swiftly onward! double now your pace,
You gentlemen of horns both straight and crooked,
Of the old devil-stamp and kidney,
Bring here the jaws of hell at once with you.
Hell has indeed jaws in profusion! many!
According to man's rank and worth it gapes;
Yet will he also in this last diversion
Not so particular for the future be.

(The horrible hell jaws open to the left).

The teeth at the corner gnash; from the abyss's
Vaulting, streams angry forth the fiery stream,
While in the back-ground-smoke that there is seething
I see the town of fire eternal glow.
E'en to the teeth bursts the red conflagration,
The damned, salvation hoping, swim now forth;
Gnashes before them yet the vast hyena:
In anguish their hot passage they renew.
Still is there much in corners to discover,
So much of frightful in the narrowest space!
Full well indeed the sinners do ye frighten,—
They think it yet a lie, deceit and dream.

(To the thick devils with short straight horns).

Ye paunchy villains with the cheeks of fire!
That with hell's brimstone glow so richly fat;
With necks all clumsy, short, and never moved!
Below here watch ye for a phosphor gleam:
That is the soul-kin, that the wingèd Psyche,
That pluck ye out, as 'twere a horrid worm,
Then with my stamp at once I'll take and seal it,
Then off with it in fire-whirlwind-storm.
Go, wait ye at the lower regions,
Ye bladders, *that* your duty is.
Whether down there to dwell she pleaseth
One does not accurately know.
She willing in the navel dwells
And take you care she does not you escape.

(To the dry devils with long crooked horns).

You scarecrows you! you foglemannish giants!
Grasp at the air and strive without repose;
Stretch out your arms, your claws extending sharply,
That they may seize the fluttering flighty thing.
In the old house it is not sure at home,
And then the genius always up will strive.

Glory from above, on the right.

Heavenly host. Follow ye envoys,
 To heaven related,
 With easiest flight :
 Sinners to pardon,
 Dust to enliven ;
 And to all natures
 Friendliest traces
 Work in the hovering
 Of lingering flight.

Mephistopheles.

Discord I hear and disagreeable jingling,
 From high they come with an unwelcome day ;
 It is a boyish, girlish sort of jumble,
 Howe'er a canting taste may it approve.
 You know how we in deep accursed hours,
 Thought to annihilate the human race :
 The direst thing that we invented,
 To their devotion suited well.

See they come fawningly, the loobies !
 Thus have they many from us snapped away,
 With our own weapons they make war upon us ;
 They too are devils, though with masks.
 Here to be beaten would be shame eternal ;
 On to the grave, and hold firm at the margin !

Chorus of Angels (strewing roses).

Roses, ye dazzling ones,
 Balsam downpouring ones,
 Hovering, fluttering,
 Secret enlivening,
 Branches winged tinily,
 Buds, ye unsealed ones,
 Hasten to blow.
 Spring, do thou blossom !
 Purple and green ;
 Bear to the resting one,
 Bear Paradise.

Mephistopheles (to the Devils).

Why do ye duck and stoop ? Is that hell's wont ;
 Come, keep your places, let them scatter.
 Back to his place each fellow fly !
 Perhaps they think with such like flowery fancies,
 To cover us with snow, the glowing devils ;
 They'll melt and shrivel up before your breath.
 Now puff, ye puffing ones ! Enough, enough !
 Before your blowing pales the swarm entire.
 No ! not so fiercely ! shut your mouth and noses ;
 In truth, ye now have blown too strongly.

O that ye never know the medium right !
Not only shrivels it, 'twill brown and burn !
Already hovers it with flames both clear and poisonous,
Stand you against it, press you firm together !
Their strength's extinguished, all their courage gone !
The devils scent a strange and soothing glow.

Angels. Blossoms, the happy ones,—
Fires, the joyful ones,—
Love they will spread around,
Pleasure prepare, be the
Heart as it may.
Words are protectors here
In the clear ether :
To the eternal bands
Everywhere day !

Mephistopheles.

O curse ! O shame upon such noodles !
Satans upon their heads are standing,
The fat ones, throwing summersets,
And into hell tail-foremost plunging.
Joy to ye of your well-earned glowing bath !
But I'll retain my situation.

(He strikes about the hovering roses).

Off, will-o'-the-wisps ! Thou ! howe'er bright thou gleam,
When seized thou art a nasty jelly curd.
Why flutter 'st ? Wilt thou not pack off !—
It sticks like pitch and brimstone on my shoulders.

Angel (chorus).

What belongs not to you
You must surrender ;
And what your soul disturbs
Ye may not suffer.
Strongly it presses in,
Now must we active be ;
Love only loving ones
Onward can lead.

Mephistopheles.

My head burns, and my heart, my liver too,
—An over devilish element !
More sharp than even hellish fire !
For this cause then so mightily ye sorrow,
Unlucky lovers ! who disdained
With necks all strained after your sweethearts spy.

Me too ! What draws my head toward that corner ?
And yet I am with them in sworn contention !
Once was the sight to me so full of hate.
Has something stronger pierced through and through me ?
I love so well these darling children ;

What now restrains me, that I dare not curse ?
 And if I let myself be fooled,
 Who for the future will be called the fool ?
 Those whom I hate, those odious rascals,
 Are now quite pleasing to my mind.

Come, let me know, ye lovely children,
 Are ye not Lucifer's begetting too ?
 Ye are so fair, I 'd like to kiss ye.
 Meseems as if you came in season fit.
 It is to me so pleasant and so natural,
 As if I 'd seen you all a thousand times ;
 So secret kitten-like alluring ;
 Fair and still fairer with each look becoming,
 Q come, approach, and, gaze but on me once !

Angels. We're coming now, why dost thou back retreat ?
 We now approach, and if thou cans't, remain.
 (*The angels hover around, and fill up the whole space*).

Mephistopheles (who is pressed into the proscenium).

Us you reproach as damnèd spirits,
 Yourselves are sorcerers veritable ;
 Both man and woman ye mislead.
 O what an accursed adventure !
 Is this indeed love's element ?
 My frame entire in flames is standing,
 I scarcely feel how in my neck it burns.
 Ye hover here and there ; come, downward sink ye.
 A little worldlier move your gentle members.
 That serious look, in truth, becomes you well !
 Yet I should like to see you smile at least ;
 For that would be to me delight eternal.
 I mean, a look like to the looks of lovers :
 A little turn of the mouth, and then 'tis done.
 Thee, thou tall fellow, thee I most admire ;
 You don't look well at all with that priest visage :
 Come, look at me a little longingly.
 You might with decency, too, be more naked ;
 That long and folding garb is much too modest.
 They turn them—from behind, O look upon them ;
 Too loveable by far are the rascallions.

Chorus of Angels. Change into clearness,
 Ye fires loving !
 Those who condemn themselves
 Truth may recover ;
 That they, from the evil one
 Joyfully loosèd,
 In the all-union
 Happy may be.

Mephistopheles (collecting himself).

How is it ? Boil on boil, like Job, I'm feeling
For the whole man, who shudders at himself,
And yet doth triumph, himself seeing through,
If in himself he and his race confide.
The noble devil-parts are rescued ;
The sorcery of love upon the skin is cast :
Already are the cursèd flames extinguished,
And, as is right, I curse ye all together.

Chorus of Angels. Holiest glowings !
Whom they o'er hover
Feels himself happy
In life with the good.
All now united,
Rising up, praise :
The air is all pure now ;
Breathe, spirit, breathe !

(They rise, carrying with them the immortal part of Faust.)

Mephistopheles (looking around).

Yet how ? Whither have they departed ?
Young though ye be, ye have deceivèd me ;
Therefore have they been nibbling at this grave.
A great, peculiar treasure 's taken from me ;
The lofty spirit which was pledged unto me,
This have they slyly smuggled quite away.
To whom shall I go pour out my complaining ?
Who 'll give to me my well-earned right ?
In thy old days, alas, alas, thou 'rt cheated !
Thou hast deserved it : all for thee goes bad.
I have mismanaged scandalously,
And a great outlay 's vilely thrown away :
A common lust, a love absurd has wandered
Over the well-experienced devil's mind ;
And with this childish, foolish thing,
The wise, experienced one was busied :
So is, indeed, the foolishness not small
Which at the last him overmasterèd.

Mountain Defiles, Wood, Rock, Wilderness.

Holy Hermits, scattered among the Hills, dwelling among the Clefts.

Chorus and Echo. Forests are waving on,
Mountains are weighing on,
Roots, too, are clinging on,
Stem on stem thickly lies ;
Wave spouteth after wave,
And deepest caves protect ;

Lions are creeping mute
 Friendly around us here :
 Honour the sacred spot
 Of holy love-refuge.

Pater Ecstaticus (waving up and down).

Joy's everlasting flame,
 Love's everburning bond,
 Boiling pain of the breast,
 God's overfoaming joy.
 Arrows pierce through me here,
 Lances destroy me here,
 Clubs, too, O crush me here !
 Lightnings storm through me here ;
 That all the noughtworthy
 May vanish far away :
 And shine the eternal star,
 Love's everlasting germ.

Pater Profundus (from the depths).

As at my feet the rock abysses
 Rest weighing on the deep abysm,
 As to dire fall of foaming river
 A thousand sparkling streamlets flow,
 As straight by its own powerful impulse
 The tree high rises in the air.
 'Tis thus, 'tis thus is love almighty,
 Which all things forms and cherishes.

Round me sounds a savage roaring,
 As the wood shook and the abyss !
 Yet still falls, lovely in its plashing,
 The water-fulness to the depths,
 Immediate called the vale to water ;
 The lightnings which rushed downward flaming,
 The atmosphere for purifying,
 Which poisonous vapour in it held,
 Are messengers of love, announcing
 Whatever working us surrounds.
 May it, too, burn within my bosom,
 Where, coldly and confused, my soul,
 Tortured by the dull senses' bound'ry,
 Is sharp enclosed by fetter-pain.
 O God ! my feelings do thou lighten ;
 Shed light upon my needy heart.

Pater Seraphicus (from the middle regions).

What a morning cloudlet hovers
 Through the pine trees' waving hair !
 I forbode what lives within it ;
 'Tis the youthful spirit-choir.

Choir of blessed boys.

Tell us, father, where we 're moving,
Tell us, kind one, who we are ?
Happy are we, and existence
Is so gentle to us all.

Pater Seraphicus.

Boys ! brought forth at midnight hour,
With a soul and sense half shut,
Lost immediate to the parents,
By the angels straightway gained.
That a loving one is near you
Well ye feel, approach me now ;
Yet of earth's steep path, ye blessed ones,
Not a trace on you is found.
Down descending in the organ
Worldly—earthly of mine eyes,
As your own ye may employ them,
And upon this region gaze.

(He takes them into himself).

Those are trees, and those are mountains,
That a stream, which rusheth down,
And with its enormous rolling
Makes for itself the steep way short.

Blessed boys (from within).

That is mighty to look on it ;
Yet too gloomy is the place,
Shakes us with dismay and horror ;
Noble, good one, let us go !

Pater Seraphicus.

Higher rise to higher circle,
Grow for ever unremarked,
As, in ever purest manner,
God's great presence strengtheneth.
That's the nourishment of spirits
Which in freest ether moveth :
Love eternal's revelation,
Which to blessedness unfoldeth.

Choir of blessed boys (circling round the highest summits).

Hands, come, entwine ye
Joyful in union
Move ye and sing ye
Holy feelings between ;
By God instructed
Ye may confide,
Him whom ye honour
Ye shall behold.

Angels (hovering in the higher atmosphere, bearing the immortal part of Faust).

Rescued is the noble limb

The Second Part of Göthe's Faust.

Of the spirit-world from the bad one :
 For he who toils and ever strives
 Him can we aye deliver :
 And if indeed with him a part
 Love from above hath taken,
 The blessèd armies him will meet
 With heartiest of welcomes.

The younger Angels.

From the hands of holy women,
 Loving, penitent, those roses
 Helped us much to gain the victory,
 And the high work to accomplish,
 And to steal this spirit treasure.
 Shrank the bad ones as we strewed them,
 Fled the devils as we struck them.
 'Stead of the hell-pains accustomed
 Lovers' torments felt the spirits ;
 Even the old Satan's master
 Was by sharpest pain through piercèd.
 Shout for joy ! we have succeeded.

The more perfect Angels.

Us wait the earth-remains
 Sadly to carry,
 And were he of asbest
 He is not pure yet.
 If the strong spirit-power
 Hath to itself swept
 The elements, no
 Angel can sunder
 The double nature joined
 Of the internal twain,
 Only can separate
 Them love eternal.

The younger Angels.

Clouding round rocky heights
 Now I am tracing
 Spirit-life moving forth
 There near unto us.
 Clear do the clouds become.
 I see of blessed boys
 A moving chorus,
 From the earth's pressure free,
 Joined in a circle,
 Who themselves in new spring
 And sheen of higher worlds
 Now are refreshing.
 Let him commencing then
 Gain fuller rising still
 To these be joined !

The blessed Boys.

Gladly in infant state
Him we 're receiving ;
Thus then do we obtain
Pledges angelic.
Loosen the flakes around
Which him encompass,
Now is he fair and great
By holy living.

Doctor Marianus (in the highest, purest cell).

Here is the prospect free,
Upraised the spirit.
There women passing by
Hover to heaven ;
Midst them the lofty one,
In starry garland,
Queen of the heavens, by
Her brightness I see it.

(Enraptured).

Highest empress of the world
Let me, in the azure
Spread pavilion of the sky
See thy mystic meaning.
Justify what in man's breast
Earnest moves and tender,
And with holy joy of love
Bears itself towards thee.
Vanquished ne'er our courage is
If thou, high, commandest,
Sudden milder is the flame
When thou us becalmest.
Maiden, pure in fairest thought,
Mother, honour worthy,
Chosen queen art thou for us,
Equal to the godhead.
Round her light cloudlets
Gently are winding ;
Penitents are they, girls,
A tender people ;
Round at her knee are they,
Sipping the æther,
Asking for mercy.
From thee, though without emotion,
Hath it not been taken,
That those easily seduced
May thee seek confiding.

Into weakness snatched away,
To save them 'tis not easy ;
Who from his own strength can burst

Joy's and pleasure's fetters ?
 O how quickly slips the foot
 On a soil shelf-slippery !
 Whom befools not glance and hail,
 And the breath of flattery ?

Mater Gloriosa (hovers on).

Chorus of Female Penitents.

To heights thou hoverest
 Of kingdoms eternal ;
 O hear our praying,
 Thou never equalled !
 Thou rich in mercy !

Magna Peccatrix (St. Luke vii. 36).

By the love which at the feet of
 Thy great Son, the God exalted,
 Let the tears flow down for balsam,
 Spite of Pharisaic mocking :
 By the vessel which so richly
 Downward dropped its pleasant odour ;
 By the tresses which so gently
 Wiped it from the holy members.

Mulier Samaritana (St. John iv).

By the fountain, to which whilome
 Abram drove his thirsting cattle ;
 By the bucket cool which ventured
 Touch the lips of the Redeemer ;
 By the pure and plenteous fountain
 Which now thence itself forth poureth,
 Ever bright and overflowing,
 Round through every world is running.

Maria Ægyptiaca (Acts).

By the place high consecrated.
 Where the Lord they buried ;
 By the arm which from the entrance,
 With a warning, pushed me back ;
 By the forty years' repentance,
 Faithful in the wild I kept ;
 By the blessed farewell greeting
 Which upon the sand I wrote.

The Three. Thou who unto greatest sinners
 Thy sweet presence ne'er deniest,
 And for everlasting raisest
 Up the profit of repentance,
 Grant thou, too, to this good spirit,
 Which hath but once itself forgotten,
 Which its sin was not suspecting—
 Duly grant, O grant thy pardon !

Una Pœnitentium (once named Margaret, moving near to her).

Bow, O bow! thou
Never equalled,
Rich in radiance,
Thy countenance favouring to my joy!
The early loved one,
No longer troubled one,
He cometh back.

Blessed Boys (approaching with a circular motion),

He is outgrowing us
In mighty members,
Will richly bring again
Pay for true tending.
Early were we withdrawn
From bands of existence;
Yet this one he hath learned,
And he will teach us.

A Penitent formerly called Margaret.

By noble spirit-choir surrounded,
The new one scarcely knows himself,
The existence fresh he scarcely feeleth,
So like is he the holy band.
See how from all the earthly bondage
Of the old coil himself he's torn,
And out of the ethereal garments
Steps forward the first youthful strength!
Allow me, that I may instruct him;
Still blindeth him the newborn day.

Mater Gloriosa.

Come, raise thyself to higher regions;
Feels he thy influence he will come.

Doctor Marianus (worshipping on his face).

Look up to the tender glance,
Gentle penitents all;
Thankful to your blessed fate,
Strive yourselves to fashion.
And each better thought shall be
To thy service given.
Maiden, mother, and our queen,
Goddess, still have mercy!

Chorus Mysticus. All that doth pass away

Is but a symbol;
The insufficient here
Grows to existence;
The indescribable
Here is it done;
The ever feminine
Draweth us on!

RAMBLES IN THE ISLE OF MAN.

"Some travel to analyse earths, some to dissect morals ; I love the grand."
Hartford Bridge.

ON Thursday the 13th December, 1838, at eight o'clock at night, I left Liverpool, in the "Queen of the Isle" steamer, for the Isle of Man. It was not a rough night, but there was a great swell in the sea, and all the horrors of sea sickness were endured by nearly all the passengers. They tell me that the homæopathic doctors prescribe an infinitesimal for the prevention of this cruelty of the sea ; but for my own part I like not to check these natural outgoings, for fear of a worse plague arising from the enemy pent within. But, as the great English moralist has said, "a ship, at the best, is a prison ;" and what to you are the glad waters of the dark blue sea, when you cannot walk from one side of a cage to the other ? When the Vich Ian Vohr was led out to execution, he cast a longing look to the crimson heather of his native hills, but alas ! the iron chain that bound him, and the remembrance of freedom and vigorous life but aggravated the pressure of the few moments between the prisoner and death. At five o'clock in the morning we anchored in the bay of Douglas ; and never can I forget the scene. Immediately I clambered up the narrow steps, and was glad (as far as a sickened soul can be glad) to walk upon the deck. The wind blew very fresh—the lights at Douglas burned in the distance—it was a misty and dreary morning—and the outline of the hills could first be discerned—and I was told that as the tide was out we should not get into the harbour for a few hours ; but perhaps some boats would put off for us. This was soon the case, and slipping down the ship's side, we were glad to stow ourselves and luggage in a wet boat, and solace our drooped spirits with the speedy prospect of a cup of warm tea in a quiet and comfortable hotel. Such an hotel was the "York ;" and we were ushered into a room lightened by the blaze of a fire which had long been burning, and the apparatus of the tea-kettle at once brightened our sea-sick eyes, and proclaimed to us that we were in the earthly haven where we would be. Visions of a cold room—fire to be lighted—chamber-maid to be awakened—kettle to be set on—burnt-out candles to be removed—smell of tobacco poisoning—we shivering and they grumbling—were all dissipated in a twinkling, and we at once met with the reception of long-expected, and right-welcome guests. I trust that innkeepers sometimes travel themselves, and know the comforts of these things.

I took a walk round Douglas, and thought it a very dirty ill-conditioned looking place ; for I did not see the "Castle Mona Hotel" and its beautiful gardens, and the fine beach, all of which must in due time be described ; for here is the focus of attraction to the ordinary visitor. For several nights before Christmas, it is customary for boys, dressed in white, and serenaded by an old fiddle and drum, to perambulate the streets, after the manner of

the mummers in England, and solicit contributions at the various dwellings; and this was acted to weariness on the night that I slept at Douglas. I thought that the cracked fiddle would never have got out of the street; and then the rude laugh does not amalgamate with preparations for repose. "Good morning to you, Mr. and Mrs. M'Kenzie," sounded at two o'clock in the morning; "and all the family that is so small, good morning to you, and luck to you," and then a dance, and mock fight, and strains that would have murdered all the cows on the island, and this repeated with little variation down an entire street. I like to see these old customs kept up, and willingly pay for them as long as they are kept within due bounds; for in England, revelling, and Morris-dancing, and even carol singing, are too often accompanied with much evil; and in lieu of country lads and lasses, the mere scum of provincial towns perambulate the country, and drunkenness and thieving are the order of the day. Well, I soon left for Ramsey, wondering in myself what kind of place it would be; for indeed I did not much like what I saw of Douglas. I had left Liverpool under the influence of strong reverential feelings for Bishop Wilson's Isle, and I expected to find every thing and every body, more or less savour of that holy man. I had heard that persons in debt did formerly seek an asylum in the Isle of Man; but these persons might be very good and moral, and still be unfortunately not very abundant in this world's gear; and, besides, since the laws had been altered, the island was no longer a city of refuge, other than by holding out to all honest men of small incomes a cheaper rate of living than could be provided in taxed and rated England: so that my reverence for the ancient isle of saints did not meet with a check until I had consumed some twelve or fourteen hours thereon, notwithstanding a pecuniary imposition on landing. But in Douglas I beheld what would have drawn tears out of the compassionate eyes of Bishop Wilson; and I met the drunkard's vacant and glassy stare, and the gambler's look of cunning, and saw the things that call themselves young men, as though the emblem of manliness was to be exhibited in abject effeminacy, puffing at a cigar, and looking as though an English fist, about the fifth button-hole, would send the things to that place where good divines in the time of Sir Walter Raleigh used to say, that all tobacco-smokers and chewers would go to without benefit of clergy.

More of the above island-metropolis anon, for to Ramsey, in the northern part of the island, I set out; and O what a queer vehicle is an Isle of Man coach! It most nearly resembles a London omnibus; but then there is as much difference between the appearance of the two vehicles as between that of a half-drowned rat and a sleek and comely race-horse. In the first place, it is little more than half the length of an omnibus; then it is on lower wheels, on far worse springs (indeed the London omnibusses are admirably hung); and then it is miserably horsed, and altogether a shabby affair when compared at all with Shillibeer and Chancellor. Whether the London vehicle owes its origin to the Isle of Man conveyances, I know not; or whether the two have existed independently of each

other, like Bishop Patrick's parable of the "Pilgrim," and John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," I know not; but I believe that Mona lays claim to the originality of the affair. I must, however, say, that since the summer months have set in, and opposition coaches have been started, and loads of strangers are making the grand tour of the island, (*id. est.* from Douglas, by Loxey, to Ramsey, and onwards from Ramsey *via* Kirk Michael to Douglas), that a great and visible improvement has taken place; and that rival coaches, with bugles, &c., *à l' Anglaise*, regularly leave the "Mitre" and "Heelis's Hotel," in Ramsey, and they do not care to meet the fare which the flourish of trumpets attracts in St. Paul's Square. Well, in one of these crazy vehicles with broken windows, I set out for Ramsey, by the Kirk Michael road, on a cold and showery day. The scenery was so wholly new to me that it could not but attract my especial attention. After I had gained some distance from General Goldier's, of the Nunnery, and which was once the holy residence of the pious sister St. Bridget, the country assumed a very Irish aspect. For a vast extent a tree was not to be seen; bogs were apparent: the hovels by the road-side were formed of clay or mud, and the adult inmates were generally barefooted, and the children always lacking shoe, stocking, or sandal. But the people did not seem to resemble the Scotian generations in the north of Ireland, or the Spanish tall figures and dark countenances of the south, but appeared to be more Dutch-built in their persons, and more phlegmatic in their countenances than the Irish. In accent and style of language they partly resemble the sons of Erin, and always make the grammatical mistakes of "would" for "could," and "will" for "shall." I think that a Manxman may be best described as partaking of a mixture between the Irish and the Welsh, but they certainly lack the open look, and the slowness of speech of an Englishman. I have often watched Manxmen at their labours, and have particularly noticed the constant jabbering they keep up, as though all would suggest some plan of expediting the work; while English labourers would have set to it without a word, and looked with contempt on the man who would have spent one minute in chatting. I shall have much to say on the peasantry of the island, for I have been placed in contact with many of them on different occasions.

Well, we left Peel to the left, and proceeded on through Kirk Michael village. There I perceived an excellent new church, and was told that a very good clergyman officiated; but I little heeded that the mortal remains of Bishop Wilson were in that churchyard deposited. Soon we passed the residence of the present bishop, which is called Bishop's Court, a place which had much the appearance of an ancient priory, and in it fires were blazing when we were almost perishing with cold. We met his lordship walking through the rain on the road: he was a tall man, and seemed to have an intellectual and benevolent cast of countenance, and not coming up to the *em-bon-point* appearance that I had associated with the name of Bowstead. It is singular how our minds are led to connect particular appearances with particular names, and even with

actions ; but such is the fact, although we often come to very different conclusions in our fancies. There is no leading speaker in the Lords or Commons whose form and features I do not fancy according to the matter of their speeches and their situation in the country ; and am often totally taken aback when I happen to see the real persons. Not long ago, I particularly noticed an M. P. in the lobby of the House of Commons. He was tall, and an uncommonly large and portly man ; his countenance was full and rubicund, and his corporation, "with good capon lined," certainly required something more than the "boundlessness of realm" which it could obtain in the lobby, although it might have been satisfied with somewhat less than Lord Byron's whale. He was dressed in a plain blue coat with metal buttons, an expansive buff waistcoat, kerseymere knee breeches, and gaiters which intimated that his calves were not out at grass. He at once looked like a true John Bull—like a broad Herefordshire farmer, whose cheeks are reddened with "potations pottle deep" of cider—or like one of the Earl of Leicester's fine specimens of yeomanry, who drive into the market-towns in their curricles, and discuss many a bottle of port that lacketh not the bee's wing. I was accordingly anxious to learn what agricultural constituency he might represent, and to whose opinions he added his preponderating weight, when (will you believe it?) *he turned out to be a cockney!* Yes, reader, if you reside within the hearing of Bow bell, and have never been in the country to hear a *cock neigh*, you may have the best chance of beholding that son of Anak, Mr. Pattison, of the Bank of England, a man whom, you may rest assured, is worth a Grote!

We drove by the blazing fires of Bishop's Court, not altogether envying the good bishop's approximation to them, but looking forward with some degree of pleasure to the good things that might await us at Ramsey. It now became dusk, and therefore the very beautiful road through the parish of Lerayer, with the romantic view from the bridge at Salby, were lost upon us, and we beheld nothing specially grateful to the eye previous to our arrival at the hotel at Ramsey. Right glad we were to jingle over the streets of that town, and to behold the lights in the chemists' shops, and to hear the town-clock strike ; but most glad to be welcomed by the kind and motherly countenance of mine hostess, Mrs. Heelis. A blazing fire, warm tea, peppered mutton chop, dry toast, and tea-cake, were soon before us ; and, like Washington Irving, I felt as absolute as an emperor, with the room for my kingdom, the poker for my sceptre, and the waiters for my subjects ; and I only wished that every king and queen in Europe might feel half as independent, and half as contented, and half as comfortable and happy ; and our joy was akin to that of the mariner who exclaims, as though he knew he could not be confuted,

"When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?"

RAMSEY IN THE NORTH.

Beautiful and romantic Ramsey, how can words describe thee !
Thy town is clean and neat, and will be neater still as strangers

draw toward thee. And O, if the pent-up inmates of London and of Liverpool, of Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, &c., could only know how refreshing are thy breezes, how invigorating thy scenes, how kind thy inhabitants, and how spacious and comfortable is thy hotel, surely there would be a contest to reach thee foremost, and the advent of strangers would expel thy well-wishing aborigines from thy dwellings on the sea!—in other words, they would benignly retreat for a while, until thy new squares, thy beautiful crescents, and thy parades, and thy suburban villas, were arising in plenitude around thee. Delightful and dear Ramsey! propitious was that star that guided me to thee, and that even led me from Siluria's richer lands, and laughing vales, and hanging woods, and the banks of Vaga, to wander among the grander scenery in the isle of mountain and of flood. And now I imagine myself under the honour of introducing a stranger to thee, a son of England, on whose cheek the rose has ceased to bloom, and whose mind must be lifted from the difficult book awhile; and methinks he will be filled with new ideas and new affections, and return to his beloved country with renovated body and renovated heart, and sure I am, with renovated soul.

And now we have breakfasted heartily at Heelis's hotel, and are stepping out upon the beach; and we have a long day before us, and thy beauties are to be ransacked, and revelled in, and remembered, O Ramsey! First, we will walk along the shore—and let me pause, and contemplate the position in which I have placed the blue-eyed stranger of Britain. The tide is far out; not a sea-weed or tanglement of any kind is to be seen. He is walking upon a broad strip of dry and firm sand, within hearing of the softest dalliance of the murmuring wave: on his left hand, is the broad and open bay, with its good anchorage in the marl bottom; on his right hand is the town, which cannot intercept the larch-covered Ballure, and the high Barrule, which seems to tell you that there is strength in the hills; and before him is Maughold Head, with its isolated rock in the extreme distance of the bay. Here he must pause, and here he must walk awhile, and allow his feelings to be impressed with that religious peace which the serenity of the scene cannot fail to implant and duly increase. And here he will see the children at their gambols, laving their little feet in the cooling tide, or building houses on the sand, or aiding their fathers in drawing forth the sand-eels from their narrow recesses. And the sea gulls will be sailing obliquely over his head, and the gannet, too, may be dashing upon her prey in the glassy water, and the black divers will be busy in their victualling department—for they are cormorants in name and deed. The bark from Liverpool or Whitehaven will be anchored hard by, and mayhap a gallant steamer will come in, and hoist her signal; and the boats will put off, and bring the voyager in safety to the yellow sands of Ramsey, where often is beheld the parting of friends. Sometimes, two noble Scotch steamers will be alongside each other in the bay; and one is taking passengers away, while the other is landing; and busy is the scene of the plying boats. Here it is that, when Mona's

northern daughter is wedded, in the soft evening the happy pair are conducted by the bridal guests to the beach ; and the honoured vessel appears, and away they sail for the lakes in Cumberland, or for the Ayrshire hills, or loftier mountains of Argyle, so warmed by the western sun when beheld from the tranquil bosom of the Clyde. Lucky is the wight that then may take his passage hence ; for how could old Ocean dare be so ungallant, so envious, and so treacherous, as to lift itself unmannerly beneath the precious burden of the confiding pair ? Our stranger may behold this pigmy pageant ; for although the spinsters and the *baccalaurei* of Ramsey are numerous enough to please Malthusian minds, yet the unselfish question is popped sometimes ; and the stranger, too, is oft accepted, with or without his worldly goods, by ancient Mona's young and dark-eyed daughters. And there are others will depart, and others will land, and the stranger may remind himself of the simple description of Southey's master-hand, so simple because so masterly :—

“ There stood an old man on the beach, to wait
The comers from the ocean : and he asked,
‘ Is it the prince ? ’ And Madoc knew his voice,
And turned to him, and fell upon his neck ;
For it was Urien, who had fostered him,
Had loved him like a child : and Madoc loved,
Even as a father, loved he that old man.”

And how might he dwell upon that poem of Madoc, and recall many a lengthy passage which would now be appropriate, for it deals as he is now dealing with nature, but he must pass on, or other Ramsey scenes will be jealous of his lingering amid the rapturous caresses of one spot. And now he arrives at a little valley on his right hand, and he perceives an elegant cottage ornée, and although he knows not the kind and hospitable inmates, yet he is in love with it's very appearance, and instead of longing with Burns for a cave on some wild distant shore, he would rather gaze on the blue smoke curling up from this sweet cottage in the valley, and from its pleasant window, gaze along the rugged and broken rocks that line the shore to Port League, or look up in awe to Barrule, the high the barren, yet still beautiful Barrule. But come, he shall not linger here, although Mrs. Brew and Miss Trivett will play the Syren, but like Ulysses, he must stuff up his ears, and remember that other Penelopes are awaiting the approval of his charmed senses. And now we take the book for our guide, and in the depth of a shady retreat, we sit upon the trunk of a tree that is recumbent o'er the stream, and the sun cannot see us, but a dove has just alighted on the ivied bough near us, and we are drawing in our breath lest we should scare it away, we so love its placid form, and the ring around its neck ; and we listen to the blackbird, and mark the little chirping wren, and we should love to see a brilliant kingfisher, and perhaps a swallow penetrates the shades, and young birds, to their parents' infinite anxiety, are chirruping about, and many flowers and other beautiful things meet our eyes ; and as we are in the humour to be charmed by what are impiously and

thoughtlessly called trifles, we are charmed accordingly. And then we pass on up the channel of the brook under Ballure bridge, and are soon behind the old ruined mill of Ballure, and have seen the good waterman filling his cask at the stream which is so pure, and next are rambling up the thicket of Ballure glen. Strange! that the owner of this does not cut out a winding walk up to the beloved little waterfall, and that the waterfall itself is not greatly improved. Nature here seems to call aloud to the sons of art, but alas! they are deaf to the voice of this charmer. O private taste! O public spirit! wherefore do ye slumber? Does not Aristotle tell us, that a statue is hid in every block of marble, and that the art of the statuary only clears away the extraneous matter, and removes the rubbish? And sure I am that exquisite beauty is to be found in this glen, if a little of nature's rubbish were pruned away, although I would be especially careful not to reduce her ladyship to such a process of tonsure as might subject her to the scorn and marvel of her wilder and admiring children. O lucid waterfall, let the stranger part from his heating vestments, and place himself under thy cooling influence, and if his nerves have ever indulged in an imbecile tone, they will be right well invigorated, and henceforth bear manfully, if not superhumanly, the rude and hideous noises of the world. To the left of the waterfall we recline awhile, and then we clamber up above the chasm in the rock through which it wends its way, and we soon turn to the right and ascend the steep bank, and here we also sit awhile by the side of the gorze, and we pluck the little yellow pimpernel with its sunny eye of gladness, and we place the rounded trefoil in our button-hole, and we list to the cooing of the dove, and we still behold the proud Barrule to our right. Here I would place every half-smothered cockney—here I would conduct the poor metal-worker of Birmingham, or Leeds, or Sheffield, here I would like to hail the world's tired denizen, those minions of splendour from the pavé of Milson-street in Bath, and the High-street of the artificial and mushroom Cheltenham. O ye wearied people of the world, you who cannot battle with that enemy which you discover to be in time, you know not how lovely the world can be to those who will seek with unflattened hearts its natural beauties, and its solemn grandeur! Here is omnipotence and benevolent design: here is to be seen harmony and consummate art. In every creature, and in every vegetable, and in the smallest wild flower, are materials for our highest admiration. It is in the innermost and hidden recesses also of nature, that we behold wisdom and power. Yet these are not to be seen by the fitful glances of the indolent and the ignorant, but require the most attentive inspection of the wise and good; and of this temple we may exclaim with the elder minstrel, "Here will I dwell, for I have a delight therein." And here is health, and, what is more absolutely necessary to all, tranquil enjoyment of life! Let a man lie here awhile with open eyes, and the blue devils must depart. Abernethy's prescription for a fat and gouty alderman was attic indeed—"Live on sixpence a day, and earn it." In other words, leave the green and floating fat of thy turtle dish, leave thy luscious venison, and thy rich wines,

and it shall be well with thee : and in like manner my prescription, my universal remedy would be, " Leave thy engrossing cares in thy splendid city awhile, and set off for Ramsey in the Isle of Man—whatever thy malady may be, in Ramsey thou wilt find thy cure." There thy physicians will charge thee nothing, but will certainly make thee an ample receiver ; nor will thy appetite long disdain, or be shyly coy with her bounteous gifts. She will introduce thee to the fisherman, and the butcher, and the baker, whom thou hast long since loathed, and really thou wilt feed and be fed if thou wilt come and dwell in her land.

But a truce to this strain, for we are descending by a winding road on the hill-side. And now we follow not the beaten road to Ramsey, but turn short round along a shady way on our left hand, and we ascend an inclined plane, and reach a gate through which we might walk on for Cloughbane, but we must turn to the left and wind our way up to the point, from whence, overlooking Ramsey, we have a glorious view of the bay from the point of Ayr to Maughhold Head, and the Cumberland hills are before us, and we must needs talk of Wordsworth and Southey, and the benevolent Arnold, who has a summer retreat there. And here, too, I must cry out to Holmes, or Qualtrough, or any other dear brother in our wanderings to the hill tops,

" Come let us sit upon the ground,
And tell strange stories of the death of kings:"

and then we soar up to the King of all kings ; and we cannot but feel that our Maker dwelleth not in temples made with hands, and there, in common with the wilder Ayayaca,

" We know
And worship the Great Spirit, who in clouds,
And storms, and mountain caves, and by the fall
Of waters in the woodland solitude,
And in the night and silence of the sky,
Doth make his being felt."

The Welsh word for death (*angau*) signifies *enlargement* ; and I know nothing that tempts us more to bring to our minds the time when we may spread our wings and flee away from the tenements which enshrine our souls, than an expanded view of the creation, for then we truly feel our littleness, then we feel that we are in the hands of some vast external power, then we begin to entertain palpable ideas of immensity, and from immensity we glide on, as far as our senses can convey us, into eternity. From that point there is a noble view, and we gain at once a knowledge of the general aspect of the Island, in looking over the wide tract of Kirk Andreas, Kirk Bride, and leftward to Turby. And here we may wander about these higher regions, and as we neighbour nearer to the sun, we shall make fresh discoveries, and feel fresh delights. The stranger in Ramsey must positively pass days and evenings upon these hills. He must ramble in all directions upon their summits, and hardly rest contented, short of the herbless granite of Bar-

rule. But now our stranger must descend the way by which he ascended, and turn through the gate which he had refused before, and wend right onwards to Cloughbane, through an avenue of lime-trees, and here too he will be refreshed by the sound of a water-fall. He may then pass nigh to the house of William Christian, Esq., an M.P. on the island, or he may continue a pathless way to Milntown, and return to Ramsey by the Lerayre-road. But in these rambles he must not forget to pay a visit to the Chapel in ruins underneath Ballure-hill, where the church-yard is still used to bury strangers in. From whatever point the ruin is seen, it forms a truly romantic object in the view, and puts us strongly in mind of a Swiss scene, and perhaps the *tout ensemble* of a Ban de la Roche in miniature. The roofless chapel reminds us also of those roofless houses of prayer among the mountains, or by the sea-side, in which our blessed Lord passed a whole night in prayer. A church-yard is a solemn place, and what can add more reality to our devotions, than to think that we are assembled in the midst of the dead; and could we but take off some five or six feet of earth, and see every corpse as it was freshly laid in the grave: O what a sight it would be! and then no infidel can deny this truth—that as they are, he must soon be. This chapel was consecrated in the year 1753, by Bishop Wilson, and the consecration-sermon was preached by his son. This fact should consecrate it in our affections. For some time after it fell into decay; the people were afraid to take any part of the timber away—some through feelings of veneration, others through superstition. The better feelings soon died away when a generation arose that knew not our patriarch. I am not superstitious in the smallest degree; but surely, if a man's household can be visited with any plague or sundry kinds of death for touching imprudently the holy ark of the Lord, certainly punishment, in some way or other, must settle upon him, who for a small temporal emolument should steal away any portion, however neglected it may be, of the consecrated temple of Jehovah. There is no display of architecture within or without these walls; but they were consecrated by Bishop Wilson, and might, at a small expence, be preserved by a roof, and thence the beautiful service for the burial of the dead might be read within the chapel. A good lady from Stourbridge, in Worcestershire, has offered a sum of money towards such an object, and also offered an annual subscription towards an endowment. The fact is, that in the town of Ramsey there is more room for religious worship than is needed. First of all, there is St. Paul's Chapel (Kirk Maughold, more than two miles off, being the mother church), in which a most respectable congregation assembles, indeed very nearly all the respectable (temporally speaking) gentry and tradesmen of the town; and the church is highly indebted to Mr. Carran, of Ramsey, for the organisation of an excellent choir of singers and instrumental performers. It is very edifying to hear them sing that noble composition of St. Ambrose the "*Te Deum*;" but I must say that I love congregational singing best of all, and if the congregation would but join, the singing would be as near perfection as in any other provincial town. There is a small organ

but it is seldom used. The church is a very convenient one, and it has an ample vestry; but it is not built from east to west, through some inadvertence in the persons who planned the foundation. Formerly the sea encroached nearly to its walls, but now there is a fine open square before it, and the vessels in the harbour opposite, with their Sunday streamers flying, present a smart appearance. There is no burial ground around it, for strangers are buried in the ground of the ruined chapel, and parishioners are laid in the large burial-ground sloping upward from Kirk Maughold Church. There is a clock in front of the church on the outside, next the square, which is very useful to the town. The Rev. Archibald Holmes is the chaplain of Ramsey, and he has served for many years, content with being "passing rich with forty pounds a-year." His whole salary is not more than the above sum, and he has no house affixed to the chaplaincy. He is far worse paid than the Methodist minister of the place, who in fact has a handsome income allowed him. Surely, before one penny of money is sent abroad, we should look to our own people at home. He is a strong evangelical preacher, but his delivery is not prepossessing. This little signifies, so long as he preaches practical home-truths, and indeed is far preferable to a smoother and more eloquent mode. He is highly esteemed by all, both churchmen and dissenters; and his character, like the Chevalier Bayard's, is *sans reproche*. In truth, I have found him to be an amiable and estimable man, and one of exceedingly equal temper; and surely his contentment on the small allowance allotted to him proves that he has made up his mind to the Apostolic resolution—*I am resolved in whatsoever state I am therewith to live content*. All strangers will, to their comfort, find a tried and conciliating friend in the Rev. Archibald Holmes; and he is not insensible to the scenes of beauty around Ramsey.

The next place of worship connected with the Church, is St. Peter's Chapel. This is now closed; and if it were opened it would only interfere with St. Paul's. The last clergyman who served in this chapel was the Rev. Mr. Maunsell, of Fintona, in the county of Tyrone, and very many persons still entertain an affectionate regard towards him. He was a man devoted to the cause of the Cross: and every man who would pursue an honest and unflinching path here, must take up his cross; because he will meet with as much opposition from pert and flippant, but most lamentably ignorant and uncharitable religionists, as from open enemies in the ranks of the unbelieving and the immoral. Maunsell has left a sweet savour of remembrance behind him, and many still rejoice in his shining track.

There is a Scotch chapel also here, which, I believe, is frequented by the seceders from the kirk, or presbyterian church, of Scotland. It is not attended by many; but I understand that there is nothing offensive in the manner of conducting the service, and indeed, the fact of its being in the hands of Scotchmen is almost, of itself, a guarantee that all things shall be done decently and in order, although episcopal arrangement may be lacking. I have never attended there; because I get a full heart and stomach of

religion in the church, and I never feel the slightest wavering or wandering in my mind ; but I hope and trust that the true and sober spirit of Christ's religion is there.

A methodist chapel, and a primitive methodist chapel are also in the town. The former is frequented by followers of that eminent clergyman, the Rev. John Wesley, and thus a new sect ; and the other by those who are vulgarly called ranters, and, I believe, inclined to the doctrines of that other clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Whitfield. I believe that a good many people frequent the former, but I know nothing of the latter. Neither of them, perhaps, are greatly needed in Ramsey, for it is a small town, and if they were absent, there would be two clergymen, at least, appointed, and two commodious chapels open on Sunday and week days—but so it is, that sectarians will act in opposition to that command of our Lord's *to preach the gospel to every creature*: for they choose rather to preach among those to whom it is already preached, and for the instruction of whose souls ample provision is made. We certainly do vast harm by building on other men's foundations, and by keeping them from a ministry, which any modest man must confess to be superior to his own. I should not like the responsibility of such a proceeding, and therefore have I refused offers from the Home Mission in Ireland, and made a resolution never to preach without episcopal leave. May God overrule all for good ! and doubtless many an injudicious thing is done under good intentions, but with short-sightedness as to final results. Formerly, I have been told, there were awfully irreligious scenes enacted in chapels of the methodists ; here but I have no reason to think that now the services are otherwise conducted, than with a regard to decency and the rational dictates of religion ; and certainly in England religious eccentricities and ravings are dying away, or are strictly confined to the lowest order of religionists. I have always felt especial interest in the doings of the strict followers of Wesley ; and I always look upon any departure from that holy man's counsel, with much pain and regret. There is already a vast split among them, but those who separate from the church, must expect to behold their own bond of peace severed. However, strangers need not be frightened from coming to Ramsey on this account, for they will find the church in excellent order, and they are fools indeed who meddle in controversies from which they may steer clear. Churchmen and Methodists live in much harmony here, perhaps, more so than Methodists with Methodists. I love all who are open and sincere in their religion.

NEW SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY IN GERMANY.

A NEW school of speculative philosophy has arisen in Germany, headed by Professor J. H. Fichte, of Bonn. The Heglians had imagined that their master had reached the summit of thought, and that his system, as it was the last, was also necessarily the most perfect. In their haughty self-sufficiency, they looked with contempt

on every other method of solving the problems of Being and its phenomena; and as Hegel was thought by the Prussian court the strenuous defender of Conservatism, no other philosophy succeeded in rising against, or even beside his; and he and his followers remained complete masters of the field of speculation. Since the appearance, however, of Strauss's *Life of Jesus*, things seem to be altered. Strauss, a Heglian, resolves the whole history of Our Saviour into myths: it is true, into such as veil the sublimest truths ever offered to human reason, but still only myths. Accordingly, a thousand voices were raised from the clergy and laity, philosophers and historians, against this daring attempt to deprive Christianity of its realistic basis, and to refine the faith of Christendom into a system of speculative conceptions. Had Strauss stood alone, his work would perhaps have proved harmless to his school; but it was soon found that nearly all those his defenders were also Heglians, many of them, too, theologians of high repute, holding preferments in the Prussian church, or occupying professorial chairs.

This discovery has led to serious attacks on the system. It has been asserted (and, in our humble judgment, proved), that Hegel and his followers, under the shelter of glittering language, and an artful terminology, have taught a lifeless pantheism, if not absolute atheism. Their God is a nonentity, inasmuch as he has no self-existing objective consciousness, but becomes only conscious subjectively in the mind of every man, in proportion to his individual gifts. Nor could they come to a different conclusion, since they, differing from Kant, denied all objective reality to phenomena, and identified them with the subjective intellectual conception: that is to say, they held that they necessarily are what they appear to be to *pure reason*; or, we should say, what could be talked of them in the jargon of their sect. Be this, however, as it may, the attacks made on them by Professor Leo and others have so attracted public attention, even of those who generally take no cognizance of philosophical disputes, that many of the school, especially of the younger branches of it, have taken the alarm; and hence, probably, the great accession of power, Fichte has found in the outset of his endeavours to start a system which "should go beyond" that of their master. For he does not, as nearly all the founders of new schools have done before him, commence his career by himself, uncertain whether his theory will be received or not; but, having agreed with twenty-six or twenty-seven other philosophical minds on their leading principles, he has commenced, conjointly with them, a periodical, in which these principles are to be gradually unfolded, applied to all the departments of human knowledge, and, if possible, established. This work, which was commenced in 1837, and of which two volumes and a half are already published, is entitled, *Zeitschrift für Philosophie und Speculative Theologie*. The authors call their philosophy sometimes the *System of Liberty*, in contradistinction to Hegel's "absolute necessity;" or the *System of Individuality*, in as far as it aims at the knowledge of the truth, or the objective (personal) reality of God

and His creation. Its harmony with the true spirit of Christianity, is to be the criterion of its truthfulness. The members of the school receive as a fact, that "there has been, at all times and in all places, a belief in a *positive revelation* [i. e., in an essentially divine annunciation] to the free spirit of man, besides the revelation of God in nature and reason, with distinct instructions for the knowledge, and commandment for the will, of man; and that it is the task of philosophy to make it clear to itself, how it may understand and explain this fact."

It remains to be seen what progress this Christian *a priori* philosophy will make in our sceptical and letter-worshipping age. We say, "God speed!"

A. B.

OUR MONTHLY CRYPT.

PHYSIC AND PHYSICANS.—THE MEDICAL CHARACTER.*

If there were among all the regular professions a dispute for pre-eminence, the contest would finally rest between the physician and the divine. The soldier, heroic though he has been held in all ages, is rapidly falling in public estimation. Hitherto soldiers only have been the witnesses of carnage. The more revolting features of the occupation of man-butchering have been hidden in the blaze of glory attending the conqueror, or forgotten in the gaping wonderment at the revolutions of mighty empires. But the philosophy of civilisation is now beginning to be better understood; and, though armies are not yet dispensed with, they are looked upon as necessary evils. A threat goes as far now as a blow, among nations; and kings have learned better manners. Soldier-ship, therefore, seems likely to be ere long at a discount; and, should those principles prevail, sailors also bid fair to dwindle down into a mere sea-police for the prevention of piracy. Neither soldiership nor sailorship has any claims to high consideration as a profession, except when acting on the defensive. In the aggression they degenerate, even when the authorised agents of nations, into mere robbers and murderers. If we turn to the legal profession, we shall unhappily find that, as at present constituted, it has but few claims to the praise of the moralist. In every legal contest there must be a right and a wrong. The lawyer must therefore eternally risk being engaged in the defence of injustice; for there is no line of demarcation between advocates of the right and advocates of the wrong. The lawyer must undertake the cause upon the facts put before him, and of course no litigant is such an ass as to submit to his advocate a case which is on its very surface fraudulent. Therefore all the lawyer can do is to run the risk of acting as the paid agent of injustice, and apply the salvo to his conscience, that he forsooth does not know that the facts are false—he takes them on the statement of his client. Another feature of the practice of that profession must also occasionally prick the conscience of the lawyer—more especially of the practitioner in the inferior branch;—it is that the expense of litigation is such, as that even if justice be ultimately attained (and how many are the risks of injustice being suffered?) its good effects are neutralised, and the profit arising from the judgement goes, not to the successful plaintiff, but for the most part into that of his attorney. Far are we from joining in the vulgar cry against that most respectable body, the attornies.

* *Physic and Physicians, A Medical Sketch Book, exhibiting the public and private life of the most celebrated Medical Men of former days, with Memoirs of eminent living London Physicians and Surgeons.* 2 vols. Longman & Co. 1839.

They have too large a sprinkling of black sheep among them no doubt, but there is a great majority of high-minded men composing the profession on whom we would be loth indeed to cast a reflection as regards their motives. Still, he who touches pitch will be defiled; and even the most moderate bill of costs lengthens a man's visage when sent in. In this source of disquiet to the legal conscience (you see we are liberal, reader; we admit the existence of what has been said by divers grave authorities to be an impossibility), the barristers do not so much participate. The long and wearying study required to qualify the really learned counsel, the vast outlay of money necessary to prepare him for his profession, the sacrifices of health, pleasure, and private feeling,—for the barrister is eminently one of those who must

“Scorn delights and live laborious days;”

or, as an ingenious friend of ours reads the passage—

“Scorn delays and live laborious nights,”—

all these circumstances combine to entitle him without dispute to the not high scale of fees by which he is remunerated. Looking, however, to all that can be said in favour of the law as a profession—admitting that sometimes laws are interpreted according to their obvious spirit, and not according to their letter—admitting that judges are sometimes high-minded independent men, promoted for Baconian properties of intellect, rather than peripatetic digests of judge-made law—admitting that barristers may be found insane enough not to avail themselves of a fraud, or a suppressed fact, or a false testimony, in aid of their client's case—admitting that there may be attorneys who will not grind their opponents for costs, or their own clients, when they find them rapidly approaching that state when they will be no longer squeezable—admitting that a species of study, whose basis is a slavish deference to precedents, even where such precedents may be but the crude conclusions of the comparatively uninstructed in an uninformed age, is likely to lead to enlargement of mind, and independence of judgement—admitting all these favourable arguments for the moral integrity of the law as a profession, still it must be conceded, that to foment or profit by the wrangles and strifes between man and man is not the most consistent occupation of a christian. But we forget—there is a day specially set apart for the contemplation (perhaps the practice) of *their* christianity: on other days they are like other men.

The contest, then, lies between the divine and the physician. Their object is undoubtedly to do good, not evil. No divine comes to the altar prepared to disseminate doctrines which he believes to be pernicious. No physician attends the bed-side of his patient with the intention of killing him. Each desires to heal, to the best of his power,—the one the body, the other the soul. To attempt to decide between them involves considerations that go to the very root of religion and morals; as, for instance, Which is the higher utility—that which consists in saving the soul in the next world, or that which prolongs its existence in this? Perhaps the doctor of medicine might carry the day as against the doctor of divinity, on the ground that the longer a poor sinner has to live, the longer time has he for repentance. “Ah, but,” cries the divine, “it is in sickness, when physical debility subdues the pride of man, that the lessons of the Gospel sink the deepest into the repentant soul. You come in—work your nostrums and specifics—you promise health—you authorise indulgence—you induce the patient to rely rather upon man than upon God—and in the end, by restoring him to the world, you rekindle his passion for its vanities, and drive me from the vantage-ground I held in his conscience!” Half a century ago, the wig and the cane of the M. D. might have vanquished the D. D., but (alas for the picturesque!) doctors of all sorts now dress in a decent dullness, like other English gentlemen. The virtues and humble glories of the Divine have had many affectionate painters: indeed, the portrait is one to dwell upon *con amore*:—

“The christian priest, devout, and pure, and meek,
 Whose solace sinners in affliction seek;
 A pastor wise, just, affable, and mild,
 Who loves and rules his flock, as parent should his child,
 A friend,—revered by low and high degree—
 At once the stay and charm of true society;
 A blameless man, who scarce suspecteth ill,
 And bears to each and all a sweet good will.”

Not less amiable in its moral features is the character of the really high-minded physician. Accustomed from early youth to devote himself exclusively to meditating on the sources of human suffering and devising the means of cure; cut off by the nature of his studies from the petty and degrading strifes which neutralise the moral qualities of worldly men; with a mind elevated by the constant contemplation of the mysterious workings of the Creator, from the grandeur of design manifested in the structure of man, down to those minutest details of the animal and vegetable world, which are still more wondrous as marking the infinite benevolence of the Deity; now prostrate in humility before a power whose utmost wisdom he is led to revere, the more hope he has of penetrating the portals of the divine workshop, and now, elated with a noble pride, because trusting that in him is lodged the ability to restore to harmony that grand machine when disarranged by accident or blind indulgence;—the physician combines within himself all the properties of the highly intellectual and the moral. At all events, he has the most favourable opportunities for acquiring that knowledge, refinement of feeling, and those principles of honour, which when combined in one person, go to form that beau-ideal of all our vain longing—the gentleman.

With these feelings towards that honourable profession, we were pleased to receive a work whose title promised a rich fund of amusement and interest. Nor have we been disappointed. The author of the book, with a becoming modesty, has preferred on all occasions, to give us the thoughts and feelings of eminent bygone writers on the subject of medicine and medical men, rather than to substitute for them his own. Yet the judicious remarks which are interspersed throughout the volumes show that this abstinence has not proceeded from any lack of power to do justice to his views. He has collected from innumerable sources, a vast body of the most interesting facts, and most amusing anecdotes, so that the work is one of the most amusing to the general reader, that has for a long time appeared. Every page teems with amusement, and though most of the anecdotes of bygone Physicians are necessarily not new, yet to the great majority of readers they will be so, and even to those who may have met with them individually, before, they will be interesting, as taken in connection, and affording illustrations of the medical character—a character on the whole, more brilliant, eccentric, amusing and instructive, than any other.

In the opening chapter, after an able review of the antiquity and dignity of physic, the author thus enthusiastically alludes to the claims of his profession:—

“Medical men have in all ages been held in high estimation, when the understanding of mankind was not clouded by superstition. The ancients deified their celebrated medical men, and dedicated temples to their honour. Plato, the great heathen philosopher, says, that a good physician is only second to God himself. The Athenians must have had an elevated notion of the science of medicine, for there was a law among them that no slave or woman should study physic. The inhabitants of Smyrna associated, upon the coins of that city, the names of their celebrated physicians with the effigies of their gods. The Romans, in the early period of their history, did not hold the art in very high estimation; but in the time of Julius Cæsar, when physicians came from Greece (the country whence the Romans derived all their polite learning, and knowledge of the fine arts), they were complimented with the freedom of the ‘Eternal City;’ a privilege of which that proud people was extremely jealous.

Their great orator, Cicero, says, 'that nothing brings men nearer the gods, than giving health to their fellow-creatures.'

" 'How the tender springs of life,' says an eminent physician, 'that elevate a man to move but a little below angels, vibrate and ravish the mind with pleasure, when our art snatches a victim friend from the jaws of death! And shall we then prefer inglorious ease to the divine energy of raising the dead? No, verily: if the soldier, who burns cities and desolates the land by human sacrifices, is worthy of marble or brass, what adequate monument can human art effect for him who burns no cities, but saves their inhabitants, who desolates no country, but peoples it not with stones, as fabled of old, but with his friends, his relations, doomed to the grave.' The medical man is indeed a guardian angel of a family, a deity of health. If the profession be not a lucrative one, it is a divine one. It is above money, and is 'not to be dealt in by attorneyship,' as Shakspeare says of love.

It is, indeed, a high gratification to be the humble administrator of relief to our fellow-creatures; but there are drawbacks to every enjoyment life. Dr. Cuming, in writing to his friend Lettsom, alluding to this subject, addresses him in the following strain: 'Have you not sometimes felt the hurried clay-cold grasp of a respected friend's hand? have you not seen the lack-lustre eye, the wan, perhaps distorted, features, and the convulsive pangs of an expiring husband and father—his bed encircled by an affectionate wife, and a group of weeping infants, whose comfort in this world—nay, perhaps, whose subsistence—depended upon the life of their parent?—these rend the very heart-strings, and make us deplore the *impuissance* of our art.'

"The balance of account between satisfaction and remorse was jocosely stated by Dr. Warren to Lady Spencer, who had said, she thought the frequent reflection, that a different treatment might have saved their patients, must embitter the lives of medical men: he told her, that the balance was greatly in favour of satisfaction, for he hoped to cure her forty times before he killed her once.

"It is in the time of such scenes as Dr. Cuming delineates, that when, in the physician, the friend and the divine are combined, his affection, his good sense, and his sympathy, pour into the afflicted the oil of comfort; he soothes the pangs of woe; he mitigates the distress; he finds out something in the wise dispensations of Providence that he carries home to the bosom of affliction. Hence it is that he is truly a guardian angel, his assiduity makes him appear as a sufferer with the family; they view him as one of themselves—sympathy unites him to them; he acquires new ties, new affections; he mourns with them; and his philosophy points out new sources of consolation—he is beloved—he is become the father of the family—he is everything that Heaven in kindness deposes, to soften and dissipate misery.

"But how often is the medical man treated with base ingratitude, when his services are not required. How often is he exposed to the neglect, contempt, and contumely of those who are the first, when ill, to demand his services!

" 'God and the Doctor we alike adore,
But only when in danger, not before;
The danger o'er, both are alike requited,
God is forgotten, and the Doctor slighted.' "

The eccentricity so constantly displayed by medical men, is a subject worthy to be enquired into. One would imagine, that the constant investigation of natural facts, and intimacy with scenes of woe and suffering, would secure, in the physician, a steadiness of mind, and an unvarying dignity of manner. Yet in no profession have there been so many instances of extravagant eccentricity. Many of the learned luminaries who figure in the present record, would, according to the ordinary operations of mankind, have been more fitted for confinement than the patients whom their fiat so often condemned to the asylum. Several natural causes may have conspired to bring about this result. Intense study, for instance, will produce in the mind, a disposition to fly off at

a tangent, as it were, and to seek relief in the most ridiculous relaxations. Another predisposing cause of this disregard of forms, may be the extreme deference paid to the physician, from the very commencement of his career, by his patients. This necessarily begets a neglect of the habit of self control, and a consciousness of irresponsibility to public opinion, both which are such powerful repressions in ordinary minds. The hubbub and outcry, too, which these oddities excite among the old ladies, and the fond credulity with which they are looked on as evidences of superior genius, all help, in the mind of the young physician, a temptation we all more or less feel, but which the fear of ridicule generally prevents us from giving way to. The present work is rich in instances of the most amusing eccentricities of medical men, many of which one is delighted to trace, in connection with the prevalent characteristics of their mind. One most valuable feature in the character of the really great physician is his bold, uncompromising, independent spirit—his contempt for the fanciful ailments of the rich, as contrasted with the real sufferings of the poor—and his determined estimation of every man according to his intellectual calibre, or honesty of heart, and not according to his position in society. On the other hand, this spirit often degenerated into harshness and rudeness. Of Dr. Radcliffe, a singular specimen of the eccentric class, our author says:—

“In the year 1650, was born the celebrated eccentric Dr. Radcliffe. His munificent acts of bounty pointed him out as one of the most celebrated of a profession that has always been distinguished for its liberality, and fully explain to us the esteem in which he was held by his contemporaries, to whom, in spite of his infirmities of temper, the generosity of his disposition, and the sprightliness of his conversation, rendered him at all times a most agreeable companion.

“Dr. R. was sent for to see the king, who had been seized with symptoms resembling the dropsy. Dr. R. found the king reading Sir R. L'Estrange's new version of ‘Æsop's Fables.’ After a little preliminary conversation, the doctor requested his majesty to allow him to look at the book he was reading. Upon opening the volume, the doctor read to the king the following fable, in these words.—

“‘Pray, sir, how do you find yourself?’ says the doctor to his patient. ‘Why, truly,’ says the patient, ‘I have had a most violent sweat.’ ‘Oh! the best sign in the world,’ quoth the doctor. And then, a little while after, he is at it again; with a ‘Pray, how do you find your body?’ ‘Alas!’ says the other, ‘I have, just now, such a terrible fit of horror and shaking upon me!’ ‘Why, this is all as it should be,’ says the physician, ‘it shows a mighty strength of nature.’ And then he asks him, a third time, the same question. ‘Why,’ says the patient, ‘I am all swelled, as if I had the dropsy.’ ‘Best of all,’ quoth the doctor, and goes his way. Soon after this, comes one of the sick man's friends to him, with the same question, ‘How he felt himself?’ ‘Why, truly, so well,’ says he, ‘that I am e'en ready to die, of I know not how many good signs and tokens.’ ‘May it please your majesty,’ says Radcliffe, ‘your's and the sick man's case are the very same.’ He advised the king to go abroad, and upon his return, Dr. R. was sent for again. In reply to some questions put by the doctor, the king, showing his swollen ancles, which formed a striking contrast with the rest of his emaciated body, exclaimed, ‘And what think you of these?’ ‘Why, truly,’ said he, ‘I would not have your majesty's two legs for your three kingdoms.’

“Dr. Radcliffe had a great objection to paying his bills. A paviour, after long and fruitless attempts to get his account settled, caught Dr. R. just getting out of his chariot, at his own door in Bloomsbury Square, and demanded the liquidation of his debt. ‘Why,’ you rascal,’ said the doctor, ‘do you pretend to be paid for such a piece of work? Why, you have spoiled my pavement, and then covered it over with earth to hide your bad work.’ ‘Doctor,’ said the paviour, ‘mine is not the only bad work that the earth hides.’ ‘You dog, you,’ said Radcliffe, ‘are you a wit? You must be poor—come in, and you shall be paid.’

"Among the many *facetiæ* related of this physician, it has been noticed, that when he was in a convivial party, he was very unwilling to leave it, even though sent for by persons of the highest distinction. Whilst he was thus deeply engaged at a tavern, a person called in order to induce the doctor to visit his wife, who was dangerously ill; but no entreaties could prevail on the disciple of Esculapius to postpone his sacrifice to the jolly god. Enraged at the doctor's obstinacy, the man, who was very strong, took him up in his arms, and carried him off triumphantly. The doctor was at first greatly enraged, particularly as the circumstance excited much laughter amongst the spectators. Having cooled a little, however, before he was set down, he listened to the apology of the husband, who excused himself for his rudeness, by the extreme illness of his wife. The doctor then exclaimed, with an oath, 'Now, you impudent dog, I'll be revenged of you; for I'll cure your wife.'

"Dr. R., who was attending the lady of Lord Chief Justice Holt, with a diligence remarkable for one of his standing as a physician, was asked by one of his intimate friends, the cause of it. 'Why,' said the doctor, 'to be sure, I have brought her through a very obstinate disorder, though I have no particular regard for the woman; but I know that her husband hates her, and therefore I wish to plague him.'"

But in no man were all the singular elements of the medical character more jumbled together than in JOHN ABERNETHY. Yet an analysis of his eccentricities would serve as a key to their general causes in others, and at the same time lead to a contemplation of the admirable qualities of heart and mind, which in almost all cases they have concealed from all but the discriminating eye. Learned in the more valuable knowledge appertaining to his profession, skilful to a degree which ensured the willing assent of the surgeons of the day, with a simplicity of heart uncontaminated by contact with the world, it was not surprising that he should have felt that contempt for the vulgarities of the ignorant and conceited rich, which induced him so frequently to indulge his good humoured sarcasm, in a kind of practical joking, which appeared almost brutal to those who had been accustomed to the obsequiousness and fiddle faddle attentions of the mere old women of the profession. But Abernethy's oddities had their origin in goodness of heart, fortified and encouraged to expand itself by conscious intellectual superiority. The same remark applies with equal truth to such men as Mounsey, Radcliffe, and Jebb; but Abernethy combined the two so prominently, as to make him the more fit illustration of medical eccentricity. The following account of Abernethy's courtship, while it strongly illustrates his independence on mere forms, at the same time exhibits his manliness and delicacy in an amiable light.

"While attending a lady for several weeks, he observed those admirable qualifications in her daughter, which he truly esteemed to be calculated to make the married state happy. Accordingly on Saturday, when taking leave of his patient, he addressed her to the following purport:—'You are now so well, that I need not see you after Monday next, when I shall come and pay you my last farewell visit. But, in the mean time, I wish you and your daughter seriously to consider the proposal I am about to make. It is abrupt and unceremonious, I am aware; but the excessive occupation of my time by my professional duties, affords me no leisure to accomplish what I desire by the mere ordinary course of attention and solicitation. My annual receipts amount to £——, and I can settle £—— on my wife; my character is generally known to the public, so that you may readily ascertain what it is. I have seen in your daughter a tender and affectionate child, an assiduous and careful nurse, and a gentle and lady-like member of your family; such a person must be all that a husband could covet, and I offer my hand and fortune for her acceptance. On Monday, when I call, I shall expect your determination; for I really have not time for the routine of courtship.'" In this way, however, the lady was wooed and won, and the union proved a happy one in every respect."

Could anything exhibit the essential benevolence of this man—who has been

branded as a mere brute by those who knew him not—more beautifully than the following?—

“In the year 1818, Lieutenant D—— fell from his horse on a paved street in London, and fractured his skull and arm, while his horse trod on his thigh and grievously injured his limb. Mr. A. was the nearest surgeon, and he was sent for; he came, and attended daily. After the lapse of months, convalescence took place, leaving great debility, when Abernethy enjoined the adoption of shell-fish diet, at Margate. His grateful patient requested information as to the amount of his pecuniary debt, for professional aid and care. Abernethy smiled, and said, ‘Who is that young woman?’ ‘She is my wife.’—‘What is your rank in the army?’—‘I am a half-pay lieutenant.’—‘Oh, wait till you are a general; then come and see me, and we’ll talk about it.’”

The habit of thinking aloud, vulgarly called talking to one’s self, is common to men of this class. Abernethy had it; and on one occasion it led him into a ludicrous escapade, which, however, betrayed the feelings of his heart.

“On the day of one of his introductory lectures, when the theatre of St. Bartholomew was as full as it could possibly be, and the cheering on his entrance had subsided, he was observed to cast his eyes around, seemingly insensible to the applause with which he had been greeted; and he exclaimed with great feeling and pathos, ‘God help you all! what is to become of you?’ evidently much moved by the appearance of so great a number of medical students, seeking for information to be fitted for practice.”

With anecdotes of his odd replies to affected patients;—of his contempt for the mere rich, and his congenial sympathy for intellect and moral worth,—and alas! of his occasional rudeness when annoyed by the frivolous, and too often the young and lovely, though perchance not the less to be despised,—this book abounds. Many of them have already appeared; but many also are new, and, as exhibiting in a striking point of view the character of this extraordinary man, who, with all his faults, was an honour to human nature, the whole will repay perusal.

It is, however, in the struggle for advancement in life, that the medical character is the more strikingly displayed. Fretted and restrained by the want of the means necessary for making a good appearance, often possessed of that untameable incorruptible spirit which disdains to pander to the prejudices of a self-absorbed unintellectual world, yet spurred on by the gnawing consciousness that youth and youth’s powers are flying fast away without a name having been achieved, or the foundation of an independence laid, to what temptations, be his honour what it may, is the moral nature of the young and aspiring physician exposed to! Fame and fortune the goal of his youthful hopes, the constant spur of his flagging energies,—his reinvigorator in moments of self-depreciating despondency, he sees in the possession of men some of whom his internal reverence for learning and worth leads him to honour, while from others his soul turns with sickening contempt, at the same time that his sense of the paramount duty of worldly prudence demands from him lip-praise; and he is forced to enquire what are the means by which those elevations are to be attained. He refers to the lives of bygone or cotemporary physicians, and he perceives that even the most skilful of them—those whom not to have known would have been a positive loss to mankind—have been indebted for their success to some accidental turn of good fortune, to the blind yet heaven-guided caprice of some silly old woman, clogged-up gastronome, or worn-out man of pleasure. Others, he perceives, have owed their rise to arts of positive deception, planned inroads upon the credulity and weakness of the great mass of mankind—men, who while desecrating a holy and an honourable profession, were the admired of the fair, and the associates of the great, and who while rolling through courtly regions in their luxurious equipages, were fearless enough to laugh at the world whom they were duping, and could, shielded by that ready friend of fashionable vice, “respectability,” pocket with an untroubled conscience, the wages of dishonour. What is the aspirant to do?

Is he to study, qualify himself for any emergency that may arise, and trust to Providence, or chance, or whatever is the presiding spirit of our fortune, for a lucky opportunity to drive in his wedge, and make his entrance good into the high road to fortune? Honour says, Yes. But what does experience say? That for every single man of honest worth brought from obscurity by a fortunate accident, there are hundreds doomed to pine away a life in neglect, or barely to subsist by the mere drudgeries of the profession, and thousands who have forced their way up to wealth by the baser modes of acquiring a practice. The physician is peculiarly situated in this respect; and, when we reflect upon the enormous influence, for good or evil exercised by medical men over mankind, the subject of the arts they are compelled to resort to in order to obtain a practice, becomes one of great social importance. The soldier and the sailor depend for preferment upon their family interest, and the decease of their seniors, and not upon the caprice of individuals. The barrister, though dependant on the attornies for his briefs, is nevertheless protected from total neglect by a species of public opinion, which exists in the intelligent body of which he forms a part, as well as by the circumstance, that whenever the opportunity for display presents itself, it is in public, and brings with it all the favoring chances attending publicity. But the physician when once settled in his house,, with his brass plate on the door, must in verity be a waiter on Providence. A heaven-directed tile, on a windy day, cracking the crown of some wealthy or titled peripatetic, is to him at once fame and fortune; but how many years may he spend ere such luck falls in his way! Suppose his practice lies among the poor, he may perform the most wonderful cures, yet they may never reach the ears of the wealthy; and our young Esculapius may meanwhile be getting over head and ears in debt, pining in neglect, and losing the elasticity of his mind in the vain longing for fame. It has been well observed that the only real judges of the merits of a physician are those whose interest it is conceal it. Take the following instance of the difficulty of rising in medicine; and of the value of accidents.

“A very eminent general practitioner of the present day, relates the following circumstances as connected with his early career. After graduating at the College of Surgeons and Apothecaries' Hall, he took a small house in a neighbourhood where he thought it was likely he should succeed in obtaining a practice. His property amounted to a little furniture, which his mother had left him, a few bottles for his surgery, and a hundred pounds in cash. Having fixed upon a locality, he took possession of his habitation, sat down, and waited anxiously for patients. Six months passed away, and not one patient had he seen! He was always at his post—dressed well—and was by no means deficient in his attainments as a scholar and as a medical man. He was advised to change his residence; but he refused to do so, being determined to establish himself where he had first commenced, or abandon the profession altogether. His money, although he lived very economically, was nearly expended, and he had no other resources whatever. Having some talent for composition, he wrote an article for a newspaper; and was mortified to find next day, among the notices to correspondents, the following:—“Medicus;—the communication is unsuited to our pages.” A friend suggested that he would write a small pamphlet on a disease which was then prevailing epidemically. The pamphlet was written: but alas! after having walked his shoes nearly off his feet, he could not succeed in inducing any bookseller to print it. Many offered to publish the pamphlet at the author's risk, but he declined this arrangement, and the unfortunate MS. was thrown upon the shelf. The surgeon was recommended to look out for a wife with a little money, as the only way to relieve him from his present situation; but he found this to be impracticable, owing to his not being able to dress like a gentleman, and his tailor hesitated to trust him with more clothes. Distress followed distress in rapid succession, until the poor man was a miserable, heart-wearied, and nearly heart-broken wretch. How truly has Spenser delineated his situation:

“ ‘ Full little knowest thou that hast not tried
 What hell it is, in suing long to bide ;
 To lose good days that might be better spent ;
 To waste long nights in pensive discontent.
 To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow ;
 To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow :
 To fret the soul with crosses and with cares,
 To eat the bread thro’ comfortless despairs.’ ”

“ Having thus been brought nearly to the verge of ruin, he was seated one evening before his surgery fire, cogitating what step to take to relieve him from his pecuniary difficulties, when he heard the surgery bell ring most violently. To the door he immediately hastened, when he saw a crowd in the street, and two men carrying a gentleman, who appeared to be much injured. Admission was directly given to the parties, when, upon enquiring what had occurred, he ascertained that the patient had been thrown out of a cab, and it was supposed that he was nearly killed. Upon examining the gentleman, it was found that he had received a severe concussion of the brain, in addition to the shoulder-joint being dislocated. Having reduced the luxation, the gentleman was placed in bed, and when reaction had taken place he was bled. By this time the surgeon ascertained from a policeman who had emptied the gentleman’s pockets, that he was a man of title, and at that time of eminence as a politician. A dispatch was forwarded to his house at the west end, to acquaint his family of the accident that had occurred. His brother immediately came to see him, bringing with him a physician of great celebrity. A consultation took place ; and as the physician highly approved of all that had been done, and it was not thought advisable to move the patient in his present condition, he was accordingly left under the care of the surgeon into whose house he was first brought. The general practitioner was unremitting in his attention to his distinguished patient, watching him by day and night. In the course of a week, the physician suggested the propriety of removing him to his own house, which was accordingly accomplished. The apothecary was desired to continue his visits, which he did until his patient was completely restored to health. As a reward for his services, a cheque for £100 was forwarded to the apothecary, and he was enrolled as surgeon to the family. So grateful were the friends of the patient, that they succeeded in introducing the general practitioner into many highly respectable families. Once being known, his practice rapidly increased ; and he is at the present day one of our first general practitioners.

“ The pamphlet, to which allusion has been made, has been published, and it demonstrates that the writer is a man of great powers of observation, and possesses an intimate knowledge of the subject which he has illustrated.”

The very interesting memoirs of Dr. Denman, father of the present Lord Chief Justice,—of John Hunter, Dr. Faraday, and many others in these volumes, fully corroborate all that we have said as to the difficulties of this profession. A less agreeable, though more amusing task, is to refer to the arts used by some of even the most eminent physicians, in order to force themselves into notice. Dr. Mead, one of the most famous of bygone physicians, has exposed the whole of these arts, in a production from which we extract the following :—

“ The old and the simple, the riotous, the whimsical, and the fearful, are your most proper company, and who will provide you with most business ; there being far less to be got by the wise and sober, who are much more rarely ailing. But then you will, perhaps, tell me that such-like physicians will be the most proper to please and keep company with such, since *similis simili gaudet*. If so, then I can only say, that those probably will stand the fairest for business ; and if you are so wise or unwise, as not to ply, bend, and truckle to their humours, I doubt you will be in danger of having less business ; or otherwise, if you would still continue, and be esteemed very wise, sober, and grave, you should then learn most obsequiously to fawn and soothe man, woman, and

child, since few else will thrive well, unless blessed with wit, in which case, they may be allowed a little more liberty. To make yourself known, the making friends for some public lectureship is not amiss, which serves for a feather in your cap, by which you become known, and so taken notice of as a fine fellow; and then you have an opportunity of haranguing your auditory, by which, though it should be mobbish or trifling, you gain your point. As to what you read or say, it matters not much; if from the more musty and ancient authors the better; if from the more modern, the more fashionable it will be: and thus consequently you will either be esteemed a very learned, or at least a very ingenious man. If you can be introduced to an hospital, your business is done for life, be your success what it will. If your wife should happen to mind business in her way, it will certainly also increase yours, for many good reasons, as increasing your friends and acquaintances. It will not be amiss to set up an equipage, to purchase a mountain of books, and add anything by which you will acquire the reputation of being a learned and ingenious gentleman. Let your religious and political opinions swim with the tide, especially when fashionable. Let not your fingers be sacrilegiously defiled; but be very gentle in taking fees of the clergy, &c.—People are generally employed in proportion to the manner they live in, especially if once a little known; for the employing of many artificers and tradesmen, &c. you may not only become more known, but they also support and employ you. Thus, if you get much, you must spend much; and if you spend much, you will readily get much; particularly if spent in a proper way, and once a little known. *Don Quevedo* is of opinion, that the best way to run into business, is to run into debt, because your creditors will employ you, to get paid:—as to putting this experiment in practice, I shall rather choose to leave it to your own natural genius to direct you therein, than much to persuade you thereto, since there may be danger, should it not succeed.

“To add to these hints, I must observe to you, that dancing and dressing well are not such slight accomplishments to introduce a young physician into practice, as you may imagine, because it makes him acceptable to the ladies and *beau monde*: his fashionable gesture, and gentle manner of feeling a pulse agreeably, is half the business.

“The last thing I advise you to do, is to get acquainted, and cheerfully to keep company with all old women, midwives, nurses, and apothecaries, since these will still be entertaining you in the way of your business, and as the old ladies, &c. are most subject to ailings, so they will still be acquainting you with the same; and consequently, you are to make the most of it, and never to neglect or make slight of the least complaint; and thus you will gain the reputation of being both careful and skilful; whereas, otherwise your care and skill may be suspected, as well as your affection.”

The perusal of the multitudinous records and anecdotes contained in these volumes has tended to one conclusion in our minds—that medicine is the study which, taking it on its own merits, and not merely with reference to the chances of fortune afforded by it, one would be disposed to choose, had one to begin the world anew. It in a manner embraces all the pursuits which a liberal-minded man delights to have an excuse for flying to; but which are for the most part incompatible with other professions. No branch of knowledge comes amiss to the medical man; and the studies proper to the profession are themselves delightful. Physical science, the chemical sciences, the structure of man, the philosophy of mind, both physiologically and metaphysically considered, the philosophy of social life in former ages as well as the present, the affections and the passions in connexion with their influence on health—all these are not merely objects of thought in which the physician is licensed to indulge—they are actually necessities in the formation of that enlarged understanding and nice discernment which enable him to appropriate specific remedies in novel cases, which qualify him, under providence, to be the friend and helper, and not the less the practical monitor of man. The very presence of the physician at

one's bed-side, is in nine cases out of ten, an admonition—a remembrance of past follies, or obstinate vices, of impious frustrations of our Maker's work, in blind reliance upon that health, and power of physical endurance which His benevolence has given us. For if it were enough only to possess this finely tempered frame, with the consciousness of death as the penalty of the slightest over-tension of the chords of the lyre; but how far more divine is that goodness which gives us a kind of license, as it were, from forethought of the likely weaknesses of so delicate a machine, which allows us to tamper with health, in the indulgence of slight follies, and wins us back again to reason and virtue, by the gentlest warnings—warnings so skilfully adapted to the extent of the error! To enforce these mild lessons of the divine wisdom—to become the expounder of the great texts written in the Book of Nature for the governance of body, as the pastor expounds the moralities of the soul—is the happy province of the physician who ennobles and renders holy his high calling. And when, to the consciousness that he is educating the passions of his fellow-creatures, by enforcing the lessons of prudence through the experience of suffering, he adds this other,—that he is also alleviating that suffering, and restoring to health and active life, his patient—for whom, because he has witnessed him in his humbled state, when the virtues emerge from under the now untinselled vanities which had weighed them down, he feels a regard something higher than mere human love—great and glorious is indeed his consolation! And if there be a state of things to justify in man a noble pride, surely his must be that justification, whose appointed task it is to walk through the world beside the minister of religion, his fellow in the holiest occupation in which Christian men can be engaged; and who is entitled to say, “You, the other ministrants to human wants, are but the agents of man's evil passions, or at least are doomed to the endurance of partial wrongs in your efforts to attain to partial wrongs in your efforts to attain to partial rights; but it is our glorious province to fulfil the great behests of God, to become man's guardians upon earth,—to aim at the attainment of good alone without one baser alloy!” Such may be the elevated hope of the physician: such, undoubtedly, is the advanced claim of the divine. In the present imperfect state of society, neither is able to fulfil their creditable intentions. But let us at least give them credit for the endeavour, and claim for them this admission:—that whatever may, in the gradual perfectuating of human affairs, be the fate of the other professions, they at least must advance. And should the day ever arrive, when the physician shall be no longer required,—a dream almost too flattering for even human perceptibility—he at least can look back to an unblemished past of good intentions, and can at last merge into the great universe of happy human beings, with the consciousness that his duty has never called upon him to “do evil, that good might come of it.”

Dodd's Church History of England, from the Commencement of the 16th Century, to the Revolution, in 1688; with Notes, Additions, and a Continuation, by the Rev. M. A. Tierney, F.S.A. Vol. I. London. 1839.

In the spirit of that impartiality which gives the law to our labours, we take up this book. A history of the Catholic church, by a Catholic clergyman! *Anathema maranatha* would be the outcry, first, of many of our literary brethren; then a contemptuous silence, or a fierce and unchristian tirade, in which the charity would be in an inverse proportion to the bigotry and virulence displayed. Such shall not be our course; “for now abideth these three, faith, hope, and charity.” We have faith in immortal Truth, and the spiritual capabilities of our kind; hope that a divine guidance will lead to their full manifestation; and charity, that bids us love all, under whatever light they may be striving to apprehend and realise the eternal. No interest or device, no passion, prejudice, or political watchwords shall close or harden our hearts to our fellow-men, their sayings or their doings. Man's actions in their thousand-fold varieties, are as the chords of some sacred instrument, strung by an

Almighty hand, that from "the beginning" have been ringing forth their mighty and mysterious melodies. To the profane and undisciplined ear, they are harsh, discordant, and perplexed. To the wise, they are the sweet, sad music of humanity; "of ample power to chasten and subdue." All would do well to heed them, and seek to comprehend their divine harmony and meaning.

Charles Dodd, the original author of the work before us, was a catholic priest, who, about a century since, wrote the history of his church in England, in 3 vols., folio, with sketches of the lives of its most distinguished members, the fortunes of its numerous writers, a description of their works, and a detail of the sufferings of many professors of his faith, who for it encountered misery, persecution and death, under a form of government which we blush to call English, and dare not proclaim to have been Christian. His real name was Hugh Tootell, which, from the severe penalties and disqualifications threatening his class, he was obliged to suppress. His work evinces considerable ability and industry, an acute and vigorous mind, and a calm, honest, and independent spirit. He had, among other sources of information, been permitted to inspect many valuable records, the journals of the English college at Douai, and other seminaries and monasteries, as well as the original letters of many eminent catholics, who opposed the reformation in the beginning of Elizabeth's reign. But there was a complex and inconvenient arrangement of the materials of his history, and a demand for a continuation of it to the present time, which rendered a new edition extremely desirable. This has been undertaken by the Rev. Mr. Tierney, well known as the author of *The History and Antiquities of Arundel*, a gentleman whose talents, industry, character, and position, render him every way qualified for the performance. Many sources of information not accessible to Dodd, are now available in the vast additions made to our stores of historical knowledge; our public libraries, records, state papers, and private collections of documents so liberally thrown open to literary men. Mr. Tierney has had recourse to all these. Much valuable matter has been obtained, many deficiencies supplied, many obscurities illustrated, and a series of important notes added, as an accompaniment to the text, that display great research, vigour, and tact. A new arrangement of the work has been made, which is a considerable improvement, by dividing it into two portions, the historical and biographical, with an appendix to each volume, embodying the principal documents referred to.

This first volume, giving us part of the historical section only, contains the narrative of the condition of the Catholic church from the establishment of Christianity in our country to the Reformation; and the important period it has now reached, the great ability, the industry, and the impartial spirit manifested make us look forward with anxiety for the continuation. Among the papers in the appendix, are the letters from Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn, the originals of which are preserved in the Vatican, and many valuable inedited documents copied from the MSS. in Mr. Tierney's possession.

The contest between the Catholic and the Reformed Church, has now endured for some time. By the latter, in this country, proceedings have been adopted towards the other, that have exhibited but little charity, justice or humanity. Opprobrium, insult, penalties, persecution, the lusts of the heart and the pride of life enlisted, the sacred charities of human life poisoned—these have been among the weapons employed and yet the ancient faith is uneradicated—nay, as the Protestant alarmists declare, is increasing in England. Some other mode of determining the point at issue between the contending parties must therefore be looked for, and now, as a more enlightened policy, and a more christian bearing is diffused among us, although still leavened with much of the old bigotry and intolerance, it may be expected. "Come, let us reason together," it may be hoped will be the declaration that will govern the opponents. As far as a full and interesting record of the fortunes and proceedings of the opposite party can assist, the Protestant reader, in the above work, will

have an opportunity of comparing their statements with his own; an advantage and a necessity to every *impartial* enquirer, and a means of forming a just judgment. Of the result we shall not venture to prophesy; but, firm in our conviction that Truth is one, immutable, and all-prevailing, we look with calmness to the end, satisfied that the Divine Spirit will make manifest to the conscience of every earnest and faithful seeker, the rock on which he has founded his church, and that, however assaulted, tempted, or envired, the powers of hell shall not prevail against it.

As the history of a momentous period, we recommend this book to the perusal of our readers. As a mere chronicle of bygone time, it is of high value, for the past is always venerable, as in it, man has ever realised some truth, goodness, or greatness. That these should be preserved, and ever live and work, is one of the noblest objects of history. It has been well said by one worthy of being quoted, "that the special, sole, and profoundest subject of the world's and man's history, to which in fact all others are subordinated, is the conflict of *belief and unbelief*. All epochs wherein belief prevails, under whatever form, are splendid, heart-elevating, fruitful for contemporaries and posterity. All epochs, on the contrary, wherein unbelief maintains its sorry victory, whatsoever form it may assume, though they glitter for a moment with false splendour, vanish from the eyes of posterity, because no one is willing to trouble himself with the study of the unfruitful."

The Faust of Goethe; Part the First. Translated into English Rhyme by the Honorable Robert Talbot. Second Edition, revised and much corrected, with the German Text on alternate pages, and additional Notes. London: J. Wacey, 4, Old Broad street, 1839.

The Honorable Robert Talbot deserves credit for the fidelity and spirit of his translation. At pp. 210 and 212 he has a note concerning the Macrocosm and Microcosm—in which he says, "I do not know where I picked up the following passage from Crollius, a mystical physician of Germany, who flourished about the end of the sixteenth Century, on the subject of the two worlds, Macros and Micros." We can tell him: it was from an article of our's in Fraser's Magazine, on Hayward's translation. Crollius' book was entirely unknown to the commentators and translators of *Faust*, until we extracted in that article, the passage in question with some others. Had Mr. Talbot preserved his references, he might have made more and beneficial use of the *information* rendered in the same paper. We wish that the notes had been delivered for the most part in a less sneering manner. Their peculiar style is a drawback on our pleasure in reading the translation. Besides we are so indebted to Mr. Hayward for the first correct, though prose version of *Faust*, that we desire to see his labours mentioned with respect.

Outlines of Pathological Semeiology, translated from the German, with copious Notes. By D. Spillan, M.D. London: Renshaw.

Dr. Spillan, the translator of this work, is already favorably known to the Medical Public by his condensed translation of Andral's Clinique Medicale, and by several other works on Practical Medicine. Until the appearance of the present volume, we did not possess in our language any work specially devoted to Pathological Semeiology. We had, it is true, the works of Drs. Buchan and Marshall Hall on Symptomatology; but the rapid advances which have been made within the last few years in Pathology, imperatively called for some work which might enable the medical tyro to extend his views of disease beyond mere symptoms, something in fact which might enable him to translate these symptoms into signs, and thereby to connect them with the morbid organic changes of which they are the effect. Every well-educated Pathologist now feels and acknowledges the insufficiency of mere symptoms for the detection of the seat and nature of a disease, and that their importance is but relative, and that in order to render

them available in establishing a diagnosis, it is necessary to refer them to some seat or organ. Dr. Spillan, in a very judicious and well-written preface which he has prefixed to this work, very happily illustrates the inadequacy of mere symptoms in directing the treatment of disease—he instances in the case of Ascites or Abdominal Dropsy; here the watery effusion is not the disease; it is but a symptom, and the organic change of which it is a symptom, may be seated in the heart or liver, or peritoneum, or in the kidneys; hence the necessity of diligently examining all these organs. With respect to the style of the translation it is smooth and elegant, and altogether free from the stiffness and Germanisms with which translations from the German so frequently abound. Dr. S. has annexed very copious and valuable Notes to his translation. We are not singular in stating that the profession stands deeply indebted to Dr. S., for presenting them with this excellent work in an English dress.

Hannibal in Bithynia, a Dramatic Poem, by Henry Gally Knight, Esq., M.P.
Second Edition. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street, 1839.

There is something very pleasing in this little drama. We call it little; because, though in five acts, and four times as many scenes, they are so brief, as to bring the whole piece within the limits of a Grecian tragedy as to length. Space hereby is only afforded to the simple announcement of a few incidents, and to some poetical diction in the treatment; but to no minute developement of character, or enlarged evolution of circumstance.

King Prusias is the delight of the Bithynian cooks, and his courtiers share the luxury of their prince, careless of the foreign warfare in which the country is engaged. In this state of the Bithynian court, the celebrated Hannibal having been sent adrift by Antiochus, king of Syria, arrives. He is kept waiting without by the insolent swarm; but on Zeno, the philosopher, desiring to see a man so famous, that he may observe his mind and dissect its properties, he is admitted. The Carthaginian warrior and exile, with a few followers enters, high in rage.—

“Kept in the sun! but I forget myself—
Nobles! for such I judge ye by your guise
And station here,—be friendly to a crew
Of wandering exiles, hunted through the world.
I would confer with Prusias, with your king.

CLEON. Great Prusias sleeps—He’s bold enough, methinks.

(*Aside to PAMPHILO.*)

HANNIBAL. Sleeps he? then wake him.

PAMPHILO. Wake Bithynia’s king!

HANNIBAL. My name is Hannibal,—the Carthaginian—

CLEON. Thou must await till Prusias likes to wake.

We do as much ourselves.

HANNIBAL. All-seeing Gods!

Who make me thus your sport, at least be pleased
To grant me patience.

PAMPHILO. Cleon! only remark

How worn his garment is—

CLEON. And how ill-fashioned!

This a great man!”

King Prusias looks on him with other eyes, and the renowned exile accordingly finds a temporary home in the Bithynian court, wherein at length, he exerts such an influence, that Antenor, the whilom *premier* becomes jealous, as well he may, for he is a man of crooked policy, and contracts with the Romans, and other powers, for his own advantage; procuring the defeat of the Bithynian troops, that the enemies of his country may offer peace on their own terms. The demand made is the cession of a province. Hannibal glows with indignation at such a monstrous proposition. We wish we had space for the scene,

but we have not. At length, by the stratagems of Antenor, notwithstanding his services to Bithynia, Hannibal is shuffled out of the king's favour. Finding himself about to be delivered into the hands of the Romans, he takes poison. There are parts of this play that would act effectively ; but on the whole, it wants weight and extent. The writing is too elegant for the stage, where concision and energy are the two chief requisites. The style of Addison's *Cato* is the very worst for dramatic purposes. This is however, a pleasing book for the boudoir.

THE GREEN ROOM.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

MISS ELLEN TREE and Mr. Macready have divided the honours between them at this theatre. The former has appeared in *As You Like It* ; *Twelfth Night* ; and some minor pieces, with sufficient *eclat*. We cannot avoid bestowing the greatest praise on Mr. Webster's management, however much we might be disposed to measure its amount ; for the attraction of his house is entirely due to the legitimate drama and legitimate acting. His success reads to all managers a great moral lesson. It is not *spectacle*—nor expensive scenery that the public require : but good plays and good performers in small theatres will do the business. Mr. Macready's *Iago*, and Mr. Phelps' *Othello*, presented a treat on one of the Mondays, which we regret was not repeated. The latter gentleman's performance in *Jaques* was also very chaste. The part of *Shylock*, by Mr. Macready, announced for the last night of this month, will be a novelty from which we anticipate much gratification.

So far so good. But more is yet required. Encouragement is yet wanted for dramatic authorship. There is genius of this kind in abundance ; and we will not cease crying aloud, until it is brought out of the hiding-place in which it lies buried. We recommend Mr. Webster to take this seriously to heart. That manager who would sincerely set about doing justice to the latent talent just indicated, would secure both fortune and honour. We are sure of it ; it is as yet an untried path—but on which might be not only successfully but triumphantly trod. The prize at the goal is worthy—press forward to it, all candidates for theatrical renown !

STRAND THEATRE.

This theatre has certainly been conducted with remarkable tact and talent through the last campaign. A perpetual succession of the most *piquant* and amusing pieces has been presented to the toil-harassed, money-getting, money-spending cockneys. In good faith, the wear and tear of life in London during the day demands something remarkably sparkling in evening theatricals by way of *amende*. The manager seems to have been thoroughly aware of this ; and his dramatic bill of fare has been sufficiently spicy to raise the brightest expectations of increased success in a nobler field of action, and one more worthy of him.